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ON
THE RIVIERA

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HOW TO BE HAPPY ON THE RIVIERA

BY

ROBERT ELSON

WITH NINE CHAPTER-HEADINGS



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Introduction

RIVIERA is an Italian word meaning coast, and the English were the first to apply it specially to the mountainous shore of the Mediterranean between Toulon and the Italian frontier, called by the French the Côte d'Azur. In the middle of the last century the winter climate of the Riviera was regarded as favourable for invalids, but it gradually lost its reputation in that respect and became instead a temporary refuge for all and sundry from climatic inclemencies elsewhere, and the Mecca of pleasure-seekers in winter time.

Nowhere else in Europe can all the amenities of life be found in one place between December and April ; and if at home winter makes a semi-prisoner of you, whereas in a dry and

sunny climate you can do as others do, then the Riviera is the place for you.

This book is intended to give you an idea of what you may expect to find, and how to get the best out of it. As to the expense, it is impossible at the time of writing to speak with certainty, because everything depends on the rate of exchange. If the franc remains at or near the present rate of 124, then it may be taken that the estimates to be found in Chapter X. need not be exceeded, and the same will be true if the franc falls. What will happen if the franc should rise further in value—if it should go to 110, for instance, as some financial authorities appear to think it may—no one can tell. I have taken the only possible course at the moment—quoted the prices which obtained last season. On the average they were about fifty per cent. higher than during the previous season, and as the exchange rate was very little more, living was nearly half as dear again. Many people profess to believe that there must be a considerable reduction if the franc remains at its present level, the argument being that if

there is not, visitors will not come in sufficient numbers to keep the Riviera going. That may be so, but there is no sign of it yet. In any case, it is well to be on the safe side.

I have devoted a special chapter to a brief description of life on the Riviera in summer : all the rest of the book is concerned with the winter season. In the Appendix will be found some detailed information about the different places, in no way exhaustive, but intended to help the stranger over the first day or two : part of the charm of a holiday abroad is in exploring and finding things out for yourself.

MONTE CARLO,

August, 1927.

HOW TO BE HAPPY ON THE RIVIERA

CHAPTER I

The Truth about the Climate

THE climate in winter is incomparably superior to that of any other part of Europe, but it is often grossly over-praised, especially in the publicity of which the Riviera is the subject. Nominally, the season begins on November 15th and ends on May 15th ; but the gaieties are crowded into the period between Christmas and Easter. From the latter part of November to early in April the days are usually sunny with a cool breeze. There are many more fine mornings than afternoons ; the wind, especially when from the east, has a trick of getting up about midday, and when it does frequently brings clouds with it. Cold, windy days are by no means uncommon, but as they are usually sunny it does not much matter if one is warmly

clad : the grey day with a chilly wind is comparatively rare, and when it happens is almost invariably due to a *mistral*, the north-east wind of Provence. The most brilliant weather, when the scenery is "like a post card," as a lady from Preston put it, is usually brought by the *tramontana*—the biting north wind off the high Alps ; it can be what is called in Yorkshire "a fair skinner."

The chilly hour following the sunset on a fine day is a period to which I shall recur. Later in the evening, even after a coldish day, it is frequently possible to stroll forth and sit outside a café, in a light coat over evening clothes, without risk of harm. A couple of hundred feet above sea-level light frosts occur occasionally during the night.

Snow is rare—perhaps once in a season, generally late, during a cold snap ; the flakes melt as they fall. Rainy spells occur, and sometimes last for several days ; but the rain is rarely continuous enough to keep any reasonably healthy person indoors all day long, and seldom produces any perceptible dampness in the atmosphere ; the rain-drops

fall through the air ; “muggy” weather is almost unknown, except perhaps at Hyères.

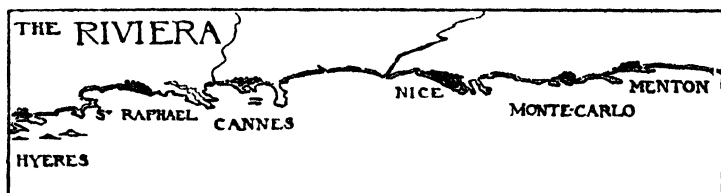
Fine, dry weather is the rule ; putting it roughly, you can enjoy yourself out of doors while daylight lasts nine days out of ten.

Now, if you leave London on a raw, foggy morning, and find yourself twenty-four hours later swinging through vineyards and olive gardens backed by towering grey rocks smiling in the sunshine, you will probably think it unnecessary for anybody to advise you as to how to be happy ; you will feel sure that as soon as you have reached your destination, and got rid of the sticky feeling induced by the journey, you are going to be very happy indeed.

But, *don't trust that sunshine*. The cool breezes which usually accompany it are treacherous in the extreme. Catching cold is the easiest thing in the world on a typical Riviera day ; you have only to go out thinly clad and sit in the shade with your back to the wind. It is easier still just after sundown ; the thermometer begins to drop like a spent rocket as soon as the sun disappears behind

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the mountains, and the unacclimatised stranger, however robust, is liable to a chill with unpleasant complications. So, for the first fortnight at any rate, be careful where you sit in the open ; get under cover before sunset and stay there for two hours—casinos and dance-teas are useful for the purpose. This is not old-maidish fussiness. The winter climate of the Riviera is a very good climate ; hundreds of residents would have been dead long ago if they had tried to live all the year in England ; I am one of them. But the stranger should not take liberties.



CHAPTER II

Where to Go

THE principal resorts are Hyères, St. Raphaël, Cannes, Juan - les - Pins, Nice, Beaulieu, Monte Carlo and Menton.

Scattered along the coast-line in between, there are smaller places, varying in size from an hotel and a few villas, to old towns where headway is being made with the provision of accommodation and amusements for visitors. Three things may be found everywhere — beautiful surroundings, sufficiently good food, and a clean bed. In all but the smallest places there are opportunities for diversions of a mild kind—dancing, the cinema, an occasional variety performance, perhaps a gala dinner now and then at the hotel ; and out of doors, a tennis court of a sort, bathing, boating, fishing, charming walks,

and some facilities for excursions. This taken for granted, there is not much more to be said, and in this sketch I shall only mention such of these smaller places as have some special claim to notice. The intending visitor who thinks of staying at one of them would in any case do wisely in going first to the nearest large resort and spying out the land.

The principal centres of gaiety are Cannes, Nice, and Monte Carlo, and to this aspect of each of them one of the following chapters is devoted.

HYÈRES is off the main line (which between Toulon and Fréjus runs some distance inland), and two-and-a-half miles from the sea, on a sandy plain stretching to the southward under the lee of hills covered with woods. It is a pleasant town of palm-bordered roads with white hotels and villas set in trim gardens. The light soil suits the mimosa, and in February–March Hyères is gay with gold. Two miles to the south-west are the wooded ridges of Costebelle, where there is a colony of hotels, boarding-houses,

and villas chiefly inhabited by English people. The cost of a stay at Hyères is commonly reckoned to be the lowest of any of the larger places, but this is partly because there are not many opportunities of spending money. The climate is the mildest on the Riviera ; the air is soft, and on warm days, even in the outskirts of the town, laden with the scents of the soil and the vegetation. It is a winter paradise for golfers ; there are two first-class courses, and as a rule there is no difficulty in getting a knock. In tennis, from the tournament point of view, it ranks last. As an excursion centre it cannot be classed with the places more centrally situated ; the scenery is fine, but rather monotonous when compared with the variety of the country behind Cannes and Nice. As a walking centre I should place it second ; there are innumerable charming walks within easy reach, and many of them can be accomplished without any considerable climb, which is scarcely the case elsewhere.

As to the possibilities of amusement, most of the visitors go to Hyères to play games

or potter round or make excursions during the day, and play bridge in the evening. The standard of entertainments is therefore only second class, and Cannes is too far away for the gaieties there to be easily accessible.

To sum up, Hyères is a good place for a quiet holiday if you like a rather relaxing climate ; but, although on the Riviera, it is not of it.

ST. TROPEZ and ST. MAXIME, on opposite sides of a wide and beautiful bay, though deservedly popular as summer resorts, can only be recommended for the winter with the same qualifications as Hyères—the visitor must be content with a quiet time. A golf course is in process of construction between them (nine holes were opened this summer) and St. Maxime has a casino of sorts. The climate is bracing, and both places are fairly well sheltered from the cold winds. The means of communication with Hyères on the one side and St. Raphaël on the other are not good.

ST. RAPHAËL, where the main line rejoins

the sea, although still quite a small place, offers more amenities. There is a charming little promenade, a casino where they make things lively, on Saturday nights at any rate—it even has a luminous dancing floor—and several restaurants where you can eat well. Cannes is only three-quarters of an hour away by the faster trains, which considerably enlarges the possibilities of amusement. The climate is at the opposite end of the scale from that of Hyères—the most bracing on the Riviera—and so is the cost of living. The hotel and boarding-house accommodation being limited, the proprietors are apt to take advantage during the height of the season. The golf course at Valescure, three miles from the town, is magnificently situated, and for a hilly course the golf is quite good. The tennis tournaments are sufficiently important to justify the presence of Mr. Simond, who manages the big events on the Riviera. The excursion possibilities are more varied than at Hyères, but the opportunities for walking only fair. I do not quite know why St. Raphaël seems so much brighter than Hyères,

unless the bracing air and almost perpetual breezes wake one up ; but it does.

AGAY, on a perfect gem of a little bay, and LE TRAYAS, perched on the rocks and overlooking charming coves, are possible places for the visitor who prefers a small place to stay in with accessibility to one of the principal centres of gaiety (in this case Cannes). On a fine day this part of the coast is dazzling—bright red rocks towering overhead into the vivid blue or set in lucent green water. In the pine-clad gullies there are innumerable ideal spots for picnics. But there is nothing else to do, and nowhere to walk without scrambling up and down, except along the road—grandiloquently called the Corniche d'Or, and a favourite run for the char-à-bancs and motorists. Both places enjoy a tonic air, and are well sheltered.

CANNES is the second largest town and the smartest resort on the Riviera. The sea - front occupies the eastern half of a superb bay, the long western horn of which is formed by the part of the coast just referred to (the Esterel). The town itself climbs

the slopes of hills, big and little, and among them there are several quarters in which such last-century amenities as quietness and a sense of space have been preserved within ten minutes' walk of the centre and the promenade. The climate is dry and bracing, but the town is by no means sheltered from keen winds, although it claims to be. On the contrary, I have found it the coldest place on the Riviera, especially at night. Le Cannet, a suburb two miles to the north, is better protected, and enjoys a more equable climate ; this is specially noticeable after sunset ; the evening chill in Cannes is often villainous.

Cannes is not a cheap place to stay in, unless you are a Stoic and can resist the almost innumerable temptations to spend money. The set-off is in regard to the gaieties — the casino with its splendid entertainments, the open-air shows, the smart restaurants and cabarets.

It is the winter headquarters in Europe of the prominent in the tennis world, the golf course at Mandelieu is reckoned the best on the Riviera, and there is polo — always

enjoyable to watch even if you cannot play. It ranks second to Nice as a centre for inland excursions, and seaward, half an hour's sail away, are the beautiful Iles des Lérins.

From Cannes to Menton the means of communication are excellent—the main line of the P.L.M., auto-mails (see page 136) and trams, run all the way along the coast. Visitors who wish to qualify a quiet and comparatively cheap holiday with a certain liveliness would be wise to choose one of the smaller places in this stretch.

JUAN - LES - PINS, on the neck of Cap d'Antibes, is growing in favour. It is mostly on the flat, among pinewoods, and faces full south. Probably for that reason the climate is similar to that of Hyères—on the relaxing side. The beach is perhaps the best on the Riviera. As a centre for auto-car excursions Juan-les-Pins is even better placed than Nice, but the actual facilities are much less. Across the neck is the old town of Antibes, which has points of interest; between the two, and scattered along the cape itself, there are probably thirty or forty hotels and

as many boarding-houses. The casino has a good restaurant, and does its best to draw the visitors ; but the proximity of Nice tempts those who want to lead the gay life, and they naturally avail themselves of it.

NICE is by far the largest town on the Riviera (it has a permanent population of nearly a quarter of a million) and the amenities are on a scale to correspond. The promenade is between three and four miles long, with an extension in the form of a wide sea-road for another two or three miles. There are innumerable hotels, boarding-houses, and restaurants at prices to suit every purse ; by refraining from spending money on amusements it would be possible to live as cheaply in Nice as anywhere, even in the smallest places ; but the practical advantage is that better value can be got for a modest expenditure in that way than in any other of the larger ones. In range and variety of amusements Nice has no rival, and its public out-of-door entertainments excel in every respect.

In tennis it ranks after Monte Carlo, but

the courts of the Nice L.T.C. are the best situated on the Riviera, commanding as they do a panorama of the town and the sea. St. Véran is an excellent course from the real golfer's point of view.

As an excursion centre Nice takes first place. The immediate hinterland of wooded hill-sides and valleys, with gorges so deep that the sun scarcely reaches the streams which trickle through them except round midday, and the remoter background of mountain ranges reaching unbroken to the high Alps, is incomparably superior to anything accessible from west of Cannes ; and Nice being centrally situated in regard to it, as well as in regard to the coast-line, the visitor can see the most at the least expense, and with the least repetition of the same roads at the beginning and end of the journeys. The shorter excursions which can be made by means of the trams and auto-mails, in conjunction with walking, are also the most numerous ; there is fine scenery quite close to the town, accessible in the course of a morning or afternoon.

The climate is not as bracing as that of either St. Raphaël or Cannes, nor as electric as that of Monte Carlo ; and the wind has a trick of sweeping down the streets running north and south which is not always pleasant. Also, with the twilight a haze often gathers in the eastern portion of the bay, and although the air may seem clear enough, it is not really dry.

The tiny town of ST. JEAN, on the eastern horn of Cap Ferrat, is the most peaceful place on the Riviera. It faces almost north across a charming little bay to the magnificent panorama of the mountainous coast running eastward towards Italy, and the views the other way from various points on the cape are almost as fine. The air is mild, but not relaxing.

BEAULIEU, just beyond the cape, is chiefly residential, and does not cater for visitors in the way of amusements except to the extent of a battle of flowers. Almost completely sheltered from cold winds by the unbroken mountain-sides which tower above it, it is the warmest place on the Riviera

during the daylight hours ; but the air is not so relaxing as at Hyères or Juan-les-Pins. The little promenade, which runs to the beginning of the cape, is quite charming, but one cannot walk in any other direction without climbing, except along the main road with its endless stream of motor traffic. There are tennis courts at the Hôtel Bristol. Otherwise Beaulieu is chiefly famous for the possession of one of the best restaurants on the coast, the Réserve.

CAP D'AIL is one of the places which bad lads give as their address when they are staying at Monte Carlo and don't wish mother to know. But for its close proximity to that centre of gaiety, there would be nothing particular to recommend it.

MONTE CARLO has grown into a town of some size ; not all of it is in the Principality of Monaco, but that does not matter much to the visitor. The climate is the driest and sunniest in Europe, and the air is electrified ; it is apt to make one sleepy at first, but after a few days people do all sorts of things they would never dream of attempting at home—

walk up steep hills, for instance. An old *cocher* told me : "For the first week visitors want a carriage if only to go from the Hôtel de Paris to the Casino" (about twenty yards), "but afterwards they run on their two feet." It is not quite so stimulating in the low part round the harbour (the Condamine), and consequently accommodation is cheaper there.

In tennis Monte Carlo ranks second to Cannes, and with the new courts at St. Roman may rival it. The golf course on the slope of Mont Agel commands the most superb views, even if it is necessary to descend a few precipices in the fairways, and do quite respectable bits of mountaineering between some of the greens and the next tee—who cares, two thousand four hundred feet above the sea that seems almost near enough to drive a ball into? The possibilities in the way of excursions are sufficient, although in this respect Monte Carlo cannot be compared to Nice or Cannes ; nor can it be compared to Menton or Hyères as a walking centre, though the fact that the former is only five miles away implies that some of the walks

are the same and the others easily manageable with the aid of train, tram, or auto-mail.

The provided amusements include everything, and everything is the best of its kind ; you can find something interesting to do every day apart from them.

It is possible to have a good time at Monte Carlo for much less than at Cannes, unless you are wilfully extravagant or fall a victim to the Circe of roulette, of which danger I shall speak later. One last merit — the sanitation is not equalled anywhere on earth.

ROQUEBRUNE - CAP MARTIN tempts some people because of the immediate proximity of Menton and the shortness of the distance to Monte Carlo. The cape itself is delightful, commanding as it does the two finest panoramas on the Riviera—westward, the Rock of Monaco, watched over by the mighty silhouette of the Tête de Chien ; and eastward the bay of Menton, which rivals Naples in the perfection of its setting.

Except for the background of mountains when viewed from the Public Gardens or the

sea-front, MENTON is rather disappointing when you get into it. The promenade of about three miles extends along two bays, and the outskirts offer quiet and secluded quarters ; prices are apt to be slightly higher in the East Bay (Garavan) than in Menton proper, which is reckoned the second cheapest of the larger places.

The tennis courts are excellent, and the tournaments rank before those at St. Raphaël. Golf is rather a difficult proposition, unless you have a car or can afford to hire. The so-called local course is at Sospel, in a pleasant valley twelve hundred feet above the sea, and as a course quite passable ; but it is fourteen miles away over a col 2,500 feet up, and the tram service is poor. Otherwise it is necessary to go to Mont Agel via Monte Carlo, a rather tiresome journey.

It is an old joke against Menton that the liveliest place is the Presbyterian Church. Without endorsing this jibe, I confess that life there would be little gayer than at Hyères if Monte Carlo were not so handy ; the ultra-respectable who want to enjoy themselves

on the sly sleep at Menton and spend their days in the gay principality. The casino is modern and would be quite bright if it were more patronised, but except in the afternoon for the dance-teas, or on the occasion of some special entertainment, it does not receive the support it deserves, and the same applies to the out-door entertainments.

There is one absolutely first-class restaurant, and several other good ones; and last season there was an all-night cabaret with a violinist who played like an angel when suitably inspired.

As a walking centre Menton ranks first by a long way; the valleys and hill-sides behind the town offer an inexhaustible field for the most delightful tramps, and the panoramas are gorgeous. But as an excursion centre it ranks last; there is not much to go eastward for, the Italian towns within reach being rather dull and the scenery not specially picturesque; and all the other excursions can be accomplished as well or better from Monte Carlo or Nice.

The East Bay is well sheltered from cold

winds, but in the West Bay and the town they are sometimes unpleasant.

The coast from Menton to Genoa is sometimes called the Italian Riviera ; but with that in this book I have nothing to do.

There are a few places inland where a certain number of visitors stay. The only one which provides any attractions is GRASSE, eleven miles from the coast and about 1,000 feet above sea-level. Sited in a basin in the mountains, and flanked by olive-covered hill-sides, it overlooks plains famous for the flower-growing which serves its perfume factories ; but the flowers are not at their best till May. The air is mild, and on fine days even in December and January it is sometimes hot ; but the nights are apt to be cold.

There is a municipal theatre as well as a casino ; the standard of the entertainments is much the same as at Menton or Hyères. There are also carnival festivities. As a walking centre I should rank Grasse next after Hyères.



CHAPTER III

A Day in Cannes

OUR first objective is the Flower Market. It is on the harbour front, a line of stalls under a penthouse roof. The perfume of innumerable tightly-packed bunches of narcissi, stocks and carnations, roses by the score, masses of mimosa, sprays of lilac and almond blossom, comes in wafts to the nostrils ; and the gorgeousness of the colours is a joy to the eye.

The better kinds of the flowers are cheaper here than elsewhere. Choice carnations are offered at a franc each, and if you buy a dozen or two you can get them for less. The voluble flower - woman, with white teeth gleaming between red lips in her brown face, loves to chaffer ; she is disappointed when the English monsieur or madame meekly

pays the full price, whereas if one bargains good-humouredly her dark eyes light up with smiles.

Then, if there is a *mistral* blowing, let us go on past the harbour and climb the hill of Mont Chevalier to the eleventh-century tower of the ruined castle. Why if a *mistral* is blowing? Because the tower overlooks the surrounding country, and the *mistral* blows through the window-slits as one mounts, *but never on the open platform on top*. I cannot account for this meteorological eccentricity; perhaps it only happens when I am there, as the middle dozen used to come up at Monte Carlo whenever a certain friend of mine put his money on it.

There is something worth looking at in the church as you descend the hill; you can see it as soon as you are inside, by turning your head. And, by the way, outside is a notice requesting you not to play ball against the west front. So don't.

The yachts in the harbour are worth glancing over. We may see the Duke of Westminster's *Flying Cloud*, Mr. W. K.

Vanderbilt's ocean-going palace, Sir Harry Livesey's *Jeanette*, Mr. Theodore Drexel's *Sayonara*, or Mr. Grahame White's *Ethleen*. It does not follow, because the yachts are here, that their enviable owners are; they may be gallivanting elsewhere. But still, we will keep our eyes open when we go to the Casino.

The Croisette begins to be populous about eleven. Cannes has displaced Monte Carlo as the fashionable centre, and there are sure to be some striking toilettes. The Riviera fashion of wearing furs over light dresses lends an unusual note; it has its commonsense side. Across the roadway are the shops of the Paris dress-houses who supply the toilettes. Every woman knows the names of them—Paul Poiret, Chanel, Worth, etc. There is seldom much in a window, but what there is will be worth looking at for its artistic beauty.

The Croisette is never crowded; that is one of its charms. English-speaking people predominate, and you are almost sure to meet someone you know. Still, we are not in

England, so before twelve o'clock comes we can stroll into the Galeries Fleuries, sit down at one of the little tables among the flower-beds, and listen to the chatter of the gay company. We may overhear a bit of scandal, or what happened to a big player in the baccarat rooms last night.

As for luncheon, if it is a really warm day we can have that in the garden too ; if not, we can enjoy a view of the sea and the coast-line in a glassed-in verandah either in the Réserve de la Croisette or the Ambassadeurs, an annexe to the casino. This if finances permit. If they don't, there are several restaurants in the town where we can lunch pleasantly for half the money. We have them on our list. (See page 164.)

There may be a show on the Croisette in the afternoon ; Cannes specialises in shows. Tournament or none, there will be interesting play at any of the tennis clubs ; if the King of Sweden is here—"Mr. Gustave" on the courts—he will probably be found at the New Courts ; and a wonderfully good game he plays, especially when his age is con-

sidered. There will certainly be plenty of fun for the spectators if a French team are playing polo; they ride like the devil—"There's a ball, hit it" is their idea of the great game.

But should it be a really warm afternoon, let us take the steamer to the Ile Ste. Marguérite. We shall have time to go up to the fort and look at the room in which the Man in the Iron Mask was confined for so many years; it is quite a large apartment, which properly furnished would have been luxurious even for a great man in those days, a fact which adds to the mystery—who was he? But the chief pleasure in this excursion is to wander through the unspoilt natural woodland which covers the rest of the island, following winding paths which afford unexpected and delightful glimpses of the charming coves of its rocky coast, the blue Mediterranean, and the mainland. The boat will bring us back before sunset, and in two minutes after our feet touch the quay we can be in the brightest and smartest casino on the Riviera; therein,

to me, is the greatest charm of the Côte d'Azur—its contrasts. We can tea comfortably and cheaply in the Grand Hall, while watching others dance or dancin ourselves if we choose ; or more expensively in the Ambassadeurs, where *le grand monde* disports itself. The great world on the dancing-floor consists largely of healthy-looking English girls and their athletic casual partners. On Thursdays tea-time is enlivened by the exhibition dances only given on other days in the evening, and the management have earned the reputation of providing the best of the kind ; the floor is raised into a platform, so that everybody can see, which is not always so elsewhere.

The gaming-rooms are full between tea and dinner, and there may be some high play at the baccarat tables, though it is more often during the late sittings that large sums change hands ; the crowd round the table will tell us if this is happening. Anyhow, it will be interesting to watch for a while, or we can try our luck at *boule* ; a lot of amusement can be got for a few shillings out of that

simple game, when one is in the right mood, and maybe the casino will pay for it.

We could dine well at the Ambassadeurs, Armenonville, the Majestic or the Carlton, and dance afterwards; but it would be expensive, and as we are going to a cabaret later let us dine quietly at the Café de Paris, which is an old-fashioned French restaurant of the right sort, first-class in everything but the prices. The connoisseurs of the party may pick from a list of choice vintages, especially in clarets and burgundies; a glass of the *fin de la maison* won't come amiss as a finale—try it; and the music is first class.

If you go to the opera for the sake of the audience as much as anything else, Cannes has it. An opera night in the height of the season will bring you absolutely up to date in the matter of feminine attire for the evening, and jewellery as well; Bond Street and the Rue de la Paix and Fifth Avenue have sent their best, Lombard Street and the Rue du 4 Septembre and Wall Street duly footing the bill.

During the intervals and afterwards you can rub shoulders with this brilliant crowd in the baccarat rooms, and perhaps find your neighbour suddenly going *banco* when the bank is sensationally high and the players sitting round the table disinclined to tackle it, in which case you will enjoy the thrill of a big gamble without the risk. I do not know why it should be more exciting when a neighbour does it, but one evening when a man who had been standing next to me for a quarter of an hour quietly watching as I had been plunged with eighty thousand francs, I felt almost as if the money were my own.

Now for our cabaret. There are two of the first class : *Casanova*, very small, beautifully appointed, where the entertainment is usually of a musical order ; and *La Gondola*, which is larger, provides varied entertainments, and is less expensive. We will go to the latter.

A square room, lit chiefly from rectangular bowls of frosted glass let into the ceiling,

and most artistically decorated. The black and gold frescoes on the walls are really good ; they are by a well-known artist. It holds perhaps fifty or sixty people, leaving sufficient space on the floor for as many as are likely to want to dance at one time, and the atmosphere is less hot and stuffy than is usually the case. Most of the company are in evening clothes, and there are some striking dresses. They are all looking amused, for the *conférencier* is on the floor, and he knows how to hold their interest.

He breaks off to greet us, perhaps with some flattering remarks on our personal appearance ; points out a vacant table, if there is one, and if not, directs the waiters how to accommodate us ; waits while we seat ourselves and order our champagne, indulging in confidential asides to the company about us — (“ The dark lady looks charming in the rose dress ; and the blonde is *ravissante*. I think they are English, because the tall gentleman came in as if there was no one here, and that is the right English manner. They will be a great addition to our party when they

have thawed a little ") ; then he resumes his speech.

A good *conférencier* has to be many-sided. He is the Master of the Revel, responsible for keeping it going, neither forcing the pace nor letting things flag. He must be able to fill the intervals between dances and show turns by a flood of witty nonsense interspersed with personal allusions which make everybody feel in it ; know what license of behaviour to permit, and how to pull up anyone who crosses the line, without giving offence ; to do this he must be able to judge his company, and possess the gift of tact. Also, he must be a master of repartee, because those he chaffs sometimes chaff him back. In the course of his monologue, mostly in French, partly in English, with scraps of other languages, he drops from gay to grave, touching our emotions as lightly as a butterfly alights on a flower. He finishes with : " Now you may dance. What shall it be ? Another foxtrot ? A charleston ? You prefer a tango ! Bon ! " To the band : " Gentlemen, will you have the goodness —— "

All the white lights are switched off, and from the bowls in the ceiling a flood of soft pink radiance descends upon the dancing floor ; through it the dancers glide, turning, twisting ; it changes to orange, then to crimson. Watch that thin boy, lithe as a leopard, partnered by a flat-chested girl with slanting eyes and the sinuous grace of a snake—Mexicans probably. It is a pity the tango does not suit our British idiosyncrasy ; many of us can perform passably, but we are rarely good.

The *conférencier* takes the floor again. He tells us that he is going to sing a little song that the children sing in his *pays*—"or used to do," he interpolates with a sigh—and in two minutes has us all laughing, because the song is the accompaniment of a game, and he does the steps with all the gravity and earnestness of a child intent on surpassing its fellows. After this has been encored, we foxtrot, and when the music stops for the second time he shoos us back to our seats with : "We must not keep the Sisters X waiting."

The Sisters X, a couple of jolly-looking girls attired in girdles of ostrich plumes shaded in different colours—I believe *ombrées* is the correct term—and a little gauzy something, seem to enjoy flinging themselves about the floor and turning cartwheels: they finish up with a double cartwheel different ways, one behind the other, an effect like fireworks under the rapidly-changing coloured lights, and rise breathless and laughing amid our plaudits. But we are not allowed an encore. “You will see them again if you have a little more champagne.”

We dance. The *conférencier* tells us funny stories in three languages. They are not exactly drawing-room stories, but the lightness of touch precludes offence, and, anyhow, no one can be prudish in a cabaret. Momma at the next table may pretend to be shocked, but poppa and Mamie and Howard are enjoying themselves immensely; as for that fat Frenchman on the opposite side, he will choke if he doesn't take care. The *conférencier* sees this and orders him some soda-water, pats him on the back. “Drink a little, my

dear sir. It will not be on your bill. If any charge is made, I will pay it. The fault is mine."

We dance again. The *conférencier* sings us a beautiful little love-song. The band plays selections from grand-opera in jazz time, and we foxtrot shamelessly to "The Soldiers' Chorus" from *Faust*. The Sisters X reappear, dressed as sailors, dance a vigorous hornpipe, and then—hey, presto! flat-topped caps and blouses and baggy trousers fly off, and there they are in maillots. Momma does look shocked when they lie on their tummies and do a swimming dance; but this is all right, really, until they turn over and do the back stroke.

The *conférencier* plays the violin. It is not so much on the strings that he plays as on our heart-strings. Confound the fellow! I am glad the lights are low.

We are hungry, and eat sandwiches. A second bottle of champagne is necessary to wash them down. While the *conférencier* is talking a gaudily-decorated lady, wearing a hat, comes down the stairs. He turns to

her. "You are alone, madame? *Pas possible!* And all the tables are occupied. I am desolated." She remains, searching the room with hard eyes. He calls a waiter. "Place a table for madame *there* ——" in front of the orchestra, all by herself. She stays about ten minutes, and when she has departed the *conférencier* informs us that he is a despot, and everybody must obey him. He suddenly barks: "Out!" and on the instant the whole place is plunged into absolute darkness. There is not even a gleam from the serving-room doorway. When the lights go up, three couples embracing are pointed out with lightning quickness. They are reproved. There is no harm in a kiss, the *conférencier* informs them—"just a kiss"—but hugging is not allowed. Similarly, he calls to order a girl who after a dance perches on her partner's knee. "Mademoiselle, is your mother present? No? Then please resume your chair. I am sure she would not permit it, and it is my duty to take her place."

We go to bed with the feeling that we

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have enjoyed our day, and seen more bright, smiling faces than ever before : and it would be a fair bet that we have seen more pretty women too.



CHAPTER IV

A Day in Nice

THE fashionable part of the sea-front at Nice is called the Promenade des Anglais ; it should be called the Promenade of All Nations. Not only are most of the countries of Europe and the Americas represented in the throng on a fine morning in the season, but many of those in Asia and Africa as well. The crowd is often so dense that one has to dodge about to keep moving ; pedlars, postcard-sellers, and photographers beset one every few yards. For those who like that sort of thing, that is the sort of thing they like. I usually turn my back on it after half an hour, and make for the old town.

The old towns on the Riviera are, when you get into them, usually a disappointment—decaying, unkempt, and dirty ; dark faces,

not too clean, peer here and there out of doorways and slits of windows, apathetic eyes contemplate you dully as if you came from another world ; as indeed you do. The old town of Nice is not like that at all. It is a busy, thriving place, its narrow, winding streets lined with shops, most of them beset by customers in the morning. There is a fair-sized public square in front of the Palais de Justice—an imposing building ; at least one picture worth looking at—a Vierge de la Miséricorde in the Chapelle des Pénitents Noirs ; several interesting old palaces, especially the palace of the Lascaris, with its stately staircase of marble ; and the house in which Paganini died, that singular figure over whom our grandfathers went almost mad. Probably he was more charlatan than musician, with his trick of breaking three strings one after the other, commemorated in a popular song—

“ The great Pag-an-ee-ni
 Played God Save the King
 On a single string
And went five octaves high.”

From the old town a wide stairway street leads to the summit of the Castle Hill. In the cemetery on its flank Gambetta lies, at peace after his eventful career ; he was the maker of modern France in the political sense, and if his work was imperfect, at least he gave her the most stable form of government she has enjoyed since the Revolution. Little remains of the stronghold which formerly protected and dominated the town ; its site is a pleasant garden, where you may saunter in shady walks for half an hour and enjoy a panorama of mountain, sea and sky. If you are disposed to get up the topography in an easy manner, there is a circular table, with the names of the principal places and peaks marked beside arrows which indicate their directions.

When the boom of the midday gun shatters the stillness, reminding you that it is time to fortify yourself with food—a first breakfast of rolls and coffee at a virtuous hour vanishes by noon—a stairway will bring you down to the end of the promenade nearest the port. On your right, as you look along the Bay of

the Angels, you will see a row of old-fashioned two-storeyed houses with a long flat roof. These are almost all that remains of the accommodation for visitors in the Nice of a hundred years ago, and the roof was their promenade. A number of them have been converted into restaurants, with a speciality of local dishes, and at any one of them, after duly consulting the menu cards posted up outside, you can lunch pleasantly under an awning which protects you from the glare of the sun and the winking sea across the roadway. Afterwards, if you follow the French fashion of taking coffee elsewhere, a stroll of a quarter of a mile along the sea-front will bring you to the Savoy Café, where you can sit under an umbrella and watch the promenade re-people itself. A lazy hour or two may be spent in the Jardin Albert Premier, strolling about and listening to the excellent music discoursed by the band. If by chance the sun should be unkind and retire behind clouds, a dozen indoor distractions are within five minutes' reach. The only question is, What do you want?

When tea-time comes, you cannot do better than one of the large hotels. The Negresco has the reputation of giving the best exhibition performances. Or you can tea less expensively in the Restaurant du Cercle at the Municipal Casino, and afterwards go into the baccarat rooms, where the play is often higher than anywhere else on the coast. When the evening chill is passing off, say about six o'clock, walk through the arcades on the west side of the Place Masséna and along the Avenue de Verdun. If your souls yearns for a marmoset, or a baby lemur, or a pair of love-birds, or a Siamese kitten, one or other of the hawkers will accommodate you. But I like to look at the jewellers' shops. Half the big diamonds and expensive pearl necklaces on the hands of European dealers are sent to Nice in the winter, and although a knowledgeable friend tells me that many of them are not first-class from an expert point of view, they none the less make a gorgeous show in the windows under electric light. Diamonds as large as hazel nuts are common ; I have seen more than one as big as a small

walnut. Most of the settings are exquisite; and the products of the goldsmith's and enameller's arts attain to a degree of beauty one can see nowhere else except in Paris.

Before dinner there is a rite to be performed. Even if you disapprove of cocktails—all the more if you never tasted one—you must go into Vogade's and drink a *cocktail champagne*. The recipe has been jealously guarded for many years, and the result is perfection. If it makes you wobbly in the peripatetic department, you can get a taxi from the rank outside. The effect in that respect soon wears off, but an hour's solid happiness is guaranteed.

There are so many places at which one can dine well in Nice, expensively or otherwise, that as in regard to amusements the only question is your preference. I should choose the *Maisonette des Comédiens Russe*, a cabaret with the advantage that the fun begins and ends comparatively early. About nine is the right time to go. It is a ground-floor room, the interior of which has been remodelled to resemble the crypt of a Russian

church, gaudily painted in crude bright colours. The huge squat pillars in the middle add to the effect, although they make dancing rather difficult ; the floor in any case is small. Apart from the dinner, always sufficiently good to form an attraction, the charm of the place is the entertainment. Most of the artists are exiles formerly connected with the opera in Russia, and the singing is exquisite. There is usually at least one male dancer, very often a specialist in the dagger dance. If you have not seen this, it is curious. A Cossack comes forward with a bunch of daggers, perhaps between twelve and twenty. He puts some of them in his belt, others under his arms and through his astrakan cap, holding the rest in his hands as a rule, though I have seen a man begin with a couple balanced on each shoulder. On the floor he places a square of soft wood. Then he begins to dance, twirling like a dervish and uttering weird cries. The other artists encourage him—"Aië! Aië!" The tempo grows faster. He crouches until he is almost sitting on the floor, his booted legs flying out from under

him so that it seems as if he must overbalance. He transfers a dagger from his fingers to his mouth, rises, jerks his head forward, and flick ! the dagger is sticking in the wood. The others in his hands follow it one after another, the tempo growing faster and faster. Then, one by one, he transfers the daggers in his belt, under his arms, and through his cap to his teeth ; a good performer will fling some of them true from the crouching position. The end comes in a wild babel of cries and mad music, with the perspiration standing thick on the fellow's forehead and dropping into his eyes. He rises, holding out his arms, and if even one dagger has missed the wood or failed to stick in upright, he points to it and shakes his head despondently to explain to you that he is not in his best form to-night.

But the singing ! In an interval between dances a woman gaily-dressed in peasant's costume, with a glittering tiara, will stroll on to the floor, and, smiling, lift a pretty hand and click her fingers. The lights go down, and there is silence. Then, carelessly, she

begins to sing, and the violins croon an accompaniment. It may be an operatic aria, a simple love-song, a tricky air with a lilt that makes your toes tingle, or one of those plaintive wandering melodies that carry some of us back in memory to dark nights in Mid-Russia. The gaudy walls, the tables with their shining cutlery and champagne bottles, the evening-dressed diners and waiters fade from our consciousness, and we are back in a clearing in the woods, under the soft stars, ringed round by pensive, bearded faces and the furtive, merry eyes and child-sweet smiles of women. There is the sense of an immense space all round about, where the night-wind wanders at will. And in the centre, under the fitful glare of smoking pine-torches, just such a figure, pouring out just such a stream of wistful song.

The violinist soon banishes all such sentimental stuff. He takes the floor, and with the maddest, merriest tune invites us to dance round him. Which we do, as well as we can for the pillars, not infrequently colliding with each other and causing apologies

and laughter. Nobody minds such trifling contretemps at the *Maisonette des Comédiens Russe*, and if you have banged into a lady and failed to apologise you can make it all right by serpentineing her afterwards and pantomiming your excuses. Before midnight you have all come to know each other for the purpose of the moment, the place being so small that it does not hold more than perhaps thirty. This is part of its charm, and another not inconsiderable part is in the go-as-you-please style in which you are entertained. The performers seem to take the floor as the mood takes them, to play or sing because they want to, not because they are paid for it. If the company encore one of the ladies, she smiles, and begins to sing again as simply as a thrush repeats his trills. It is a happy, good-humoured party which begins to break up about one o'clock, and if you went to bed immediately it would be with none but pleasant recollections of your evening.

But the night is still young from the point of the gay life of the Riviera. You

may want to look in at one of the places which keep open until dawn. There are two all-night restaurants of the first-class, Maxim's and the Perroquet, and there is little to choose between them. Perhaps on the whole the Perroquet is rather the smarter, so suppose you go there.

It is certainly bright, the dancing floor a fair size, and the band knows its business. The show-turns, if not quite the best, are a good second-best. You may see several performers, solo or pairs ; and whatever else may be said of them, their performances will not be dull. There are certain to be some charmingly - dressed women, and probably some of them will be pretty, even beautiful. It is in Nice that you are most likely to see those olive - complexioned South Americans with liquid dark eyes and jetty hair, who move like deer. Almost certainly, too, a fair proportion of the company will be English-speaking. But, if you have not already noticed it during the day, you will realise now that the dominant note at Nice is definitely foreign from the English stand-

point ; that some of the people present—perhaps a good many—are of a dubious order, and that not a few of the thousand-franc notes produced to pay for suppers and champagne have been obtained by means more dubious still. If there happened to be two unaccompanied ladies at the next table to yours in either of the cabarets at Cannes, or even at the Maisonette—which has rather a special clientèle—you would probably feel that there was no reason why you should not scrape acquaintance with them for the evening ; but if the same thing happened in Maxim's or the Perroquet, and you are wise in these matters, the probability is that you would know better than to risk it.

If you prolong your revels until four o'clock, you may as well finish off in the traditional Nice manner by strolling along the rue St.-François-de-Paule to the Chat Noir, a cabaret by the archway on the south side of the Place de la Préfecture, to eat oysters, or enjoy very hot café-au-lait or chocolate ; and when you come out, buy an armful of fresh carnations in the Place,

where the flower market is, walk or drive to your hotel with your nose buried in them, and put them by your bedside. This is said by the Niçois to prevent a headache in the morning !



CHAPTER V

A Day in Monte Carlo

MONTE CARLO has become democratised. You will see more nursemaids and children, more plainly-dressed, commonplace people, than smart folk, in the famous gardens ; and in recent years new-comers have generally expressed disappointment on the Terrace. "What a dowdy lot !"

Nevertheless, the place still retains its peculiar charm. The part that matters is *coquet*. (I am sorry there is no English equivalent: *coquet* implies a combination of smallness, smartness, and nattiness.) The Casino with the terrace and gardens, three out of the four *luxe* hotels and most of the other first-class ones, the best restaurants and cabarets, the Sporting Club and the Palais des Beaux Arts—secondary places of

entertainment belonging to the Casino — and the chic shops, are all packed into an area of less than a thousand yards square ; and within this area everything that money can do to keep up appearances is done. There are no beggars, no hawkers, no advertisement hoardings.

Perhaps Monte Carlo is like the girl who came to the breakfast-table when she had been in bed but ten minutes before, and retorted to an accusation of being unwashed with : “ I have washed—all you can see.” But the visitor need not bother about that.

The fascination of the place lies in the contrasts between this area, what it contains, and its surroundings ; or, rather, in the special sharpness of the contrasts, as compared with those elsewhere on the Riviera. Leave your hotel in the morning and stroll through the upper and lower gardens, round the end of the Casino overlooking the station, on to the Terrace, and back to the Casino Square. Saunter round the Cheese (a bowl-like lawn in the middle) and watch people feeding the

pigeons. You will feel steeped in ease, in brightness and contentment.

Now go into the Casino. The change in the atmosphere is considerable even in the Atrium; but when you enter the gaming-rooms you will feel much as if you had been dropped from the higher flying-levels into a tank. All your system has been oxygenated; your blood is tingling with ozone; in this air there is none—it tastes of exhalations from the human body, stale perfumes, and a disinfectant. The taut-strung physical well-being of which you were hardly conscious slips away as quickly as the restful feeling. When you emerge again into the sunlight, it will be like returning to heaven after a visit to hell.

The contrasts might be multiplied almost indefinitely.

After lunch (you cannot do better than the Restaurant St. James, where from under the awning you look across the sunlit waters of the harbour to the Rock) take a carriage and tell the man to drive you to the foot of the Chemin de la Noix (above

the Boulevard Guynemer). In ten minutes you will emerge on to the old Roman road from Italy to Gaul, and in another five, if you turn to the left, be out of sight of houses in surroundings scarcely changed since Dante characterised it as "a terrible road, to which the worst in Italy is as an easy stair." Indeed, except perhaps for the olive-trees, what you see the centurion saw when he was looking forward to a rest in billets the same night at Alpis Summa, after marching with his men from Imperial Rome ; the lower part of the great columnar monument that marked it, and commemorated the establishment of Roman rule over that wild country, still remains.

By taking the steep, narrow short cut just past the inhabited house a mile and a half up, following the carriage road down to the Riviera Palace, and then taking the steps, you can be at the Café de Paris in time for tea. The lofty hall of the restaurant, with its gaudy frescoes and soft brilliance of lighting ; the scantily - clad show dancers, posturing and spinning on the floor ; the lounging, well-dressed people at the tables ;

make up a typical picture of ultra-modern civilisation. Where else in the world can one bridge in a three-quarter-hour walk the opposite ends of the gamut ?

When the entertainment concludes, cross over to the Casino. The Atrium, which looked dingy in the morning, is now glittering with lights, and the seats are occupied by a mixed crowd, some members of which are sure to stare at you, speculating as to whether you are good for anything. The gaming-rooms, too, present a brighter appearance ; there are as many onlookers as gamblers, and the flavour of a prolongation of an overnight debauch is absent.

The fluctuations of fortune at the tables may engage your attention more or less, but after a while you will notice odd-looking people. Little old women in Victorian black silk dresses and bonnets ; others attired in the fashions of twenty or thirty years ago ; exotic - looking young women, wearing extravagant parodies of the fashions of to-day — some exactly like cinema vamps ; women like men, and girls like boys. A duke

who is a frequent visitor summed it up neatly: "There are always a lot of queer wild-fowl about." Not all the wild-fowl are of the hen persuasion. You may see incredibly ancient men; wild-looking men with immense manes of hair; gaunt men with sunken cheeks and bony hands who might have come out of a novel by Mrs. Radclyffe, unnatural-looking young men who might have been created by Mr. Michael Arlen; people who impress you as half crazy, others who look as if they had been dead a long time, only they don't know it. The lure of unlimited gambling possibilities attracts freaks even more powerfully than it does comparatively normal people who have the gaming instinct. One might suppose that such possibilities exist everywhere, but the special fascination of Monte Carlo is that the opportunities are only limited by one's own resources and nerve. The adversary, with unlimited funds, is always ready, and pays cash. Madame La Roulette, like Madame La Guillotine in the days of the Terror, "*va tous les jours*," and breaking the bank is merely a phrase.

There are several restaurants where you can eat well at no great expense. The Restaurant des Boulengrins, an adjunct of the Monte Carlo Palace, is one of them. It is not large, but very bright, agreeably decorated in white and gold.

If nothing in the evening entertainments attracts you—the choice is not large—and it happens to be a moonless night, take a carriage and tell the *cocher* to drive you half-way up the Mont des Mules—two *lacets* past the Riviera Palace, and don't look down till you get there. Walk along the road until the darkness and the stillness swallow you up. To your right the vast bulk of the Tête de Chien looms up under the stars ; to your left the panorama of mountains and capes stretches away into the dimness that is Italy ; before you the Mediterranean seems to rise like a grey-blue wall to meet the sky ; and at your feet, like a glittering jewel set in the sea, is Monte Carlo, outlined in lights, incredibly beautiful, a dream-town in fairyland.

Fill in your evening until towards mid-

night at the Sporting Club, if you can afford it. The people who are The People by the favour of Providence and the illustrated papers prefer it, and amid the crush you may be able to identify the latest talked-of bankrupt or divorcée, well-known figures in the social world, on the turf, in politics or the law courts, even royalty. The rooms are small, the crush so great that the baccarat tables have to be railed off — as they sometimes are elsewhere — and the atmosphere is indescribable. The play is higher on the average than at the casino, although some big gamblers stick to the parent hell. When you want relief from the crush, and the close proximity of gorgeously-dressed, scented women has palled, go into the bar, not necessarily for a drink but to see something which as far as I know has no parallel anywhere. It is never long before someone, man or woman, comes up to the bar and speaks confidentially to the barman, whereupon he produces a note-pad and a pencil. They sign, and he hands over money—a thousand francs or more. One knows that

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gaming-house keepers everywhere lend money to their patrons, because if the borrower wins it comes off his winnings, and if he loses they have it back and may get it twice over. But Arnold, the barman, lends his own money ; the Casino authorities have nothing to do with it. How does he make it pay ? The charge is two per cent., so that one defaulter in fifty borrowers would wipe out his profit. Yet it does pay ; I know that. (In case this should be read by anyone who thinks that he can get away with it, he may think again to advantage.)

The Carlton begins to wake up soon after eleven, and takes on a fresh lease of life at two, when the Casino closes. It is the largest cabaret on the Riviera, and in some respects the liveliest. On the left of the vestibule is a roomy lounge, very dimly lit, with capacious divans on which by midnight there are sure to be couples in the " I am yours and you are mine and we are each's " stage—at any rate for the evening ; this gives the unsophisticated an appropriate thrill. From the lounge you pass into a side-bay, where

the bar is, and alcoves for those who prefer each other's company to seeing the entertainment. This is in the middle part, on the dance-floor surrounded by tables and a fairly smart crowd. There is usually enough of a squash to leave very little room for the waiters and others. I took my aunt there once, and the dear old lady was startled when her elbow touched bare flesh and she looked up to find it was the leg of a well-developed young woman attired in three rose-buds held in place by two strips of silk, shoes, and a plumed head-dress. I had observed this phenomenon some time before, but, like the Dutchman when the Frenchman's pocket was on fire, said nothing about it ; there were two of them, in fact, waiting to go on. Aunt said afterwards that she did not know whether she ought to have apologised to the young woman for poking her in the thigh ; I didn't, either.

The Carlton specialises in varied entertainments ; on the same evening there was an Egyptian dancer whose reproduction of the attitudes of her ancient predecessors was marvellous in its accuracy. She did

not wear much more than the rose-bud pair, but her artistry was such that even aunt hardly noticed that. There were also a couple of gymnastic dancers, some of whose feats were out of the ordinary ; no doubt they were stage performers. Later the rose-buds reappeared in charming seventeenth-century gowns, with big picture hats, like Gainsborough's ladies, and danced a minuet more gracefully than I have seen it done for many years. They were a clever couple of girls. For an encore they gave us a funny little quick dance, attired in very short skirts and tiny bodices of a flowered chintz, with quaint boat-shaped hats of the same material. Aunt thought this was decidedly improper : she said they blobbed.

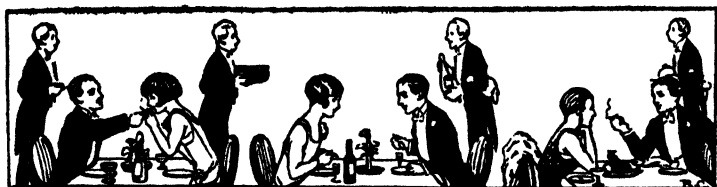
In one matter the director of the Carlton, or his acolyte charged with the duty, is a past-master : that is the management of the lights. The blood-red spot-light that swings round the floor during a tango, when the other lights are cut off, blends perfectly with the wickedness suggested by the dance. No less effective, though of a very different appeal,

are the innumerable tiny spots of light, so soft that you can only just see them, which glide through the dusk and round the galleries above while you are waltzing, round and round, round . . . and round. . . .

If you haven't waltzed at the Carlton life has something in store for you.

The Knickerbocker is a lively little den when the company furnishes the entertainment. It is a favourite supper-resort of artists who are appearing at the theatre. I happened to be there one evening with a tenor from the Italian opera. He had one of those pure clear voices that seem to go through you, and yet have all the roundness and sweetness of the organ. I have never seen him since, and I am afraid he won't keep that voice—not if he goes knickerbockering. There was some mad dancing, in which he took part, the piano being played by a scion of one of the oldest families in Holland, who ought to have known better—though I admit he could hardly have played better ; he gave us several solos. As for me, about four o'clock my neighbour, an ornament of Tattersall's

ring, began to be concerned about his wife. "My wife," he said, "she won't know where I am. She'll be wondering what's become of me." The tears rolled down his cheeks. "Is she here?" I inquired. He shook his head mournfully. "No. She's in England." I thought it was time to go.



CHAPTER VI

Eating and Drinking

THE Riviera is traditionally a paradise for epicures. It has one world-famous restaurant, *Ciro's*; and several others equally well-reputed among *gourmets*, such as the *Réserve* at Beaulieu and the Admiralty at Menton. (*Réserve*, by the way, really means "fish tank," and at some of the restaurants so-called you are invited to descend stone steps to pick a victim from among the finny or crawling occupants.) In Nice, Cannes, Monte Carlo, and scattered along the coast, there are others where the cuisine is a little less artful and the prices not so high.

To come to earth. The majority of the visitors are *en pension*, and eat what the hotel chef gives them, unless they leave it. I have often been asked whether the feeding is

good on the Riviera, and am still at a loss for a reply. The commonest criticism is that it is too rich—that too much butter is used, too many dishes which would otherwise be palatable spoiled by highly-flavoured sauces. One reason for this is that the average Englishman or American eats very little bread with his two principal meals, whereas the cuisine is French or Italian, and the Frenchman eats a lot, while the Italian corrects the balance by forking into himself large quantities of *paste*. After a while one gets into the habit of eating more bread and less of the buttery and highly-flavoured food.

Breakfast is the usual French *petit déjeuner* of coffee or tea and rolls, generally taken in the bedroom. If you don't like the fancy roll (*croissant*) ask for two *petit pains*.

In first-class hotels the tea is generally quite good, or good enough; elsewhere, it frequently looks and tastes like water in which a scrap of toast has been boiled. Faddy people bring or buy a spirit kettle, and reinforce it.

Lunch (*déjeuner*), the usual time for which is between twelve and one, consists of :

Hors d'œuvres.

Eggs or Fish or Pâte.

Meat and Potatoes or other Vegetables.

Cheese.

Fruit.

Pâte is some kind of the Italian *paste*, of which in England one seldom sees any but macaroni and vermicelli ; *gnoquis*, made of semolina flour, or *risotto* (rice coloured with saffron) is served instead. Grilled steak and fried potatoes are a standard form of the meat course.

Dinner, at seven or half-past, consists of :

Soup.

Fish.

A Meat Dish or Chicken with a Vegetable.

Salad.

A Sweet, or Cheese.

Fruit.

Subject to minor variations, such as a light dish (say, sweetbread or kidneys) at dinner instead of meat or chicken, these menus

are virtually stereotyped in hotels and *prix-fixe* restaurants.

As to choosing a restaurant, from the point of view of knowing beforehand how much one is likely to have to pay, I put them in three divisions :—

First Division.—Those which do not put up a bill of fare outside.

Second Division.—Those which put up a *carte du jour* in which prices are affixed to each dish or course.

Many of the latter, and a few of the former, also offer a *prix-fixe* meal (*table d'hôte* we say in England)—often luncheon only.

Third Division.—Those which offer both luncheon and dinner at a *prix-fixe* of frs. 16 or less ; and those which price the dishes on their *carte du jour* so moderately that it comes to the same thing.

The first division are, of course, the most expensive ; many of them are in or adjuncts to one of the *luxé* hotels. There was a story last season about a newspaper magnate who gave a luncheon-party of six at one of these

places ; the bill presented was equal to twenty-five pounds. The magnate sent for the restaurant-manager, and the impudent reply to his protest was : “ Oh, well, it is not much to monsieur ! ” However, if you make noises like not being a millionaire when ordering, luncheon in one of these restaurants should not cost more than frs. 100-150 a head—say, about a pound. If you appreciate good food, it will be worth it—for once.

In regard to the second division, run your eye over the *carte du jour* outside, and pick out the price of a dish at random in each of as many courses as you think your appetite will require, adding up the amounts roughly. The total, plus half as much again, will cover your bill—including a ten per cent. tip, virtually obligatory, and tax—if you are modest in the matter of drinks. I should put the average total cost at between frs. 25 and frs. 50 each, dinner being usually rather more than luncheon.

The same principle applies to *prix-fixe* meals, which range in price from frs. 8 to frs. 35 ; a meal at frs. 8 will cost about frs. 12

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in all, one at frs. 30 about frs. 45. A usual price in the smaller restaurants is frs. 12, which means that luncheon or dinner costs 3s. Until a year ago it was about half as much !

As for estimating the probability of a good meal when you are prospecting, go about one or towards eight o'clock. If there are a number of fat men with red necks feeding, the cuisine is all right ; if not, it probably isn't. Otherwise, for fixed-price meals it is best to go early, not later than 12.15 or 7.15 ; you will get a much better meal then.

If something on the menu of a *prix-fixe* meal does not suit you, and no alternative is offered, ask what else you can have ; this is quite usual.

Choosing a meal from a *carte du jour* is a task which brings its own reward. Oysters are not native to the Riviera ; they are brought from the Bay of Biscay (*marennnes*), or from Portugal (*portugaises*), and sometimes parked. The *vertes* of each sort are supposed to be the best, and there is not much

difference between them, though the *marennnes* are by far the dearer.

Hors d'œuvres are a course, as in Paris—not just something you trifle with. The Riviera rather specialises in them, and even the sophisticated may strike something new. A *langouste* may sometimes be substituted with advantage: it is a great sea-crayfish resembling a lobster, but more delicate in flavour and much more easily digestible when eaten cold with mayonnaise sauce—another thing in which the Riviera excels.

The pick of the local fishes are the *rouget* (red mullet), *dorade* (John Dory), and *loup*; these are usually baked with butter and herbs (*maître d'hôtel*), but personally I prefer the first fried, the second grilled, and the last *au beurre noir* with *pommes de terre à l'anglaise*. The *friture du pays*, of tiny fish resembling whitebait, is also good. Fried fresh sardines are rather a disappointment; there can be no doubt that Providence intended sardines to be tinned.

The Toulon mussels are tasty when lightly steamed and served hot with a sauce made

of the liquor and melted butter flavoured with herbs (*moules marinières*). A coast speciality for this course at luncheon is *bouillabaisse*, a stew of different kinds of fish flavoured with herbs and garlic and coloured with saffron, slices of bread soaked in the liquor being served with it. It should contain a proportion of *langouste*, and is often listed with and without.

As to the meat, veal is superlative, lamb tender, beef generally on the tough side (except the fillet steaks, which are excellent) and mutton awful. Pork varies: it may beat the band, or it may be tasteless, and the same is true of the chickens. Nothing is more toothsome than a *Poulet de Bresse roti*, or more insipid than the bird which has travelled from afar chilled; the latter is sometimes substituted for the former when one orders a *poulet en casserole* (lightly stewed with butter and vegetables), a dish to which various fancy names are given, such as *poulet à la maison*, *poulet chasseur*, or *poulet Beaulieu*.

New potatoes grow all the year round. Green peas (*petits pois frais*) are available in

January, and new French beans (*haricots verts frais*) in February (the first should be ordered *à l'anglaise* and the second *à la française*); also asparagus, which is all right when the tops are green—the white sticks are rather bitter (ask to see it). Other green vegetables and cauliflower are usually spoilt by being overboiled without salt and then partly fried in butter—a ghastly job. The best mild cheeses are *Gruyère* and *Beaumont*.

Soups are generally excellent in first and second class restaurants, though often dish-washy elsewhere. Sweets are seldom anything to write about, though a *crème caramel*, where it is a speciality, may be an experience. There are various ways of giving a flavour to forced strawberries with wine and liqueurs which many people profess to like.

When ordering from a *carte du jour*, ask the price of anything you want if it is not given, and if you think it excessive say so. Remember that you are in France, where every knowledgeable person bargains in this way on occasion, particularly when size is in question. It is a common practice with

restaurant keepers to mark fish *selon grosseur*, which when it comes to making out the bill means 'according to what the *maitre d'hôtel* thinks you will pay. Another trick is to serve a far larger portion than any reasonable person eats, pricing accordingly ; the remedy is to insist that one portion shall be served for two, an old custom in France which lapsed during the war but is now coming back. (This is specially the case with *langouste*.) Another annoying form of imposition is the pestering or bullying of strangers to order expensive delicacies instead of what they want ; my tongue has tingled sometimes when an unscrupulous head-waiter has rammed *sole dieppoise* and *poulet à la maison* down the throats of compatriots at an adjoining table who wanted simpler dishes but were too weak to stand out, or worried them into having caviare and asparagus in addition to what they had ordered. Insist on having what you want. (Soles, by the way, are best avoided as a rule ; when of any size, they have generally come from the Atlantic or the Channel.)

The drinking of *apéritifs* is a French custom of which the cocktail habit is a degenerate offshoot, and its purpose is to a certain extent medicinal (*apéritif* means aperient). *Apéritifs* should be taken at least half an hour before a meal, and sipped slowly. They are almost innumerable. There are tonic wines—Dubonnet, Byrrh, St. Raphaël, etc.—specially valuable after bathing, as they prevent a chill. English people usually drink them *sec*—that is, without the addition of water or soda-water. Various kinds of bitters—Amer Picon, Fernet-Branca, Campari, etc.—which are generally diluted. Sometimes a teaspoonful of a liqueur is added, usually Curaçao with Picon. Most popular and cheapest are the Vermouths, French and Italian. If you want them mixed, ask for Vermouth arf-an-arf. Those who dislike the flavour of bitters might try Rossi, a new combination ; or Vermouth and Cassis—black-currant syrup—with a little soda-water. (Note. — Cassis is pronounced “ casseess.”)

The best soft drinks for the thirsty are fruit syrups with soda — Grenadine, Framboise,

Fraise, Groseille, Citron, or Orange. The last two must not be confused with Citronade and Orangeade, which are served ready diluted, and usually over-sweetened. If you are thirsty and order "lemon squatch," you will probably get Citronade; the term for lemon squash is *citron pressé*, and the lemons should be brought to the table with a squeezer and sugar so that you can compound for yourself.

The price of *apéritifs* ranges from fr. 1.50 c. in the smaller cafés patronised largely by the inhabitants, to frs. 6 in those which cater more for the visitors; frs. 3-4 is usual.

If you order cocktails, it is a wise precaution to add—"très peu de glace," otherwise you will probably get a very washy mixture. The price varies from frs. 5 to frs. 10.

A good many people drink mineral waters instead of an *apéritif* before *déjeuner*, generally either Vittel or Vichy. In all good-class cafés these can be had in quarter bottles.

In the ordinary cafés, such as are patronised by local people, the proper tip for the waiter is 50c. for one or two; in cafés chiefly

patronised by the visitors, not less than fr. 1, or frs. 1.50 for two.

The best corrective to the fats liberally used in the cooking is red wine, and the cheapest varieties are those of the country (*Vins du Pays*). There are two kinds, Rouge and Rosé, the latter being lighter both in colour and as a drink ; it is also generally less acid, and when pure scarcely classifiable as an intoxicating beverage. But this last qualification is not to be relied on ; alcohol is frequently added, and some of these innocent-looking pink wines affect even a strong head. As to the acidity, an excellent corrective is to add a little hot water, a tablespoonful to a glass being sufficient. This also makes the wine more palatable.

The best of the local varieties are :—

Bellet, from the valley of the Var. This may be listed at anything up to frs. 10 a bottle.

Golfe de St. Tropez.

Camp Romain.

These are labelled accordingly. The ordinary *Vin du Pays* is usually priced about frs. 4 or frs. 5 a bottle.

Two kinds of wine which though not native to the coast are to be found on most wine-lists are Chateauneuf de Pape (Côtes de Rhone), and Beaujolais, a light Burgundy. Neither is as well known in England as it deserves to be.

Those persons who have a rheumatic tendency generally avoid the red wines, and drink white wine, or beer. The best kinds of white wine are the same as the red, with the addition of the *Vins de l'Annonciate* at Menton. They are less acid when diluted with a mineral water, such as Perrier.

The beer is quite good as a light drink, the best kinds being the Monaco beer and the Strasburg beers, the consumption of which became a patriotic duty for Frenchmen after the war.

Black coffee is seldom good except in a high-class café or restaurant, and then it is necessary to order *café filtre* ; the black coffee of the ordinary French café is wretched stuff. *Café au lait* is usually a little better, especially if you like it very milky (*café crème*) ; but in this the tea-shops beat the old-style cafés.

A number of liqueurs are commonly found on the Riviera which one rarely sees in England; the adventurous might try *Vieille Cure*, which resembles Benedictine, or Izarra, a Basque concoction not unlike Chartreuse; or in sweet liqueurs, Mandarinette (orange), Prunelle (plums) or Anisette (aniseed); the last is supposed to be a particularly good digestive.

As everywhere, ices are frequently served at dinner, and many people eat them at tea-time or in the evening at cafés. They are nothing wonderful except at cafés run by Italians who make their native specialities—*cassata*, *pezziduri*, etc. An agreeable variant is *café Liègeois* or *Viennois*.

CHAPTER VII

Indoor Amusements

WHETHER they gamble or not, most of the visitors to the principal places spend a considerable portion of their time after sunset in the local casino. It takes the place of a club, and offers more entertainment. After a fine day one goes there to read the papers and the latest news posted up in the day's telegrams ; to have tea, listen to music, and dance or watch the dancers ; one makes acquaintances, whom very often one never sees elsewhere, but who may be found regularly in the same place in the hall or reading-room at the same hour. There are, in addition, of course, more formal entertainments—concerts, theatrical performances, variety shows, ballet, etc.

As to the charges for admission, a distinction

is usually made between admission to the main hall only, and a card which also admits to the gaming-rooms (*salles de jeu*) ; the latter is called a *carte du cercle* so as to comply with the law, gaming being in theory only permissible in clubs. I have given examples of these charges in the Appendix.

The most popular entertainments are those given at dance-teas, and as I have frequently alluded to them I shall describe a typical item.

The band stops. The couples on the floor, never satiated, clap their hands. The reply is a long roll from the drum—*trrh-rh-rh-rh-rh-rh-trrrrh* ! They filter back to their seats. The floor cleared, the lights go down, and by a signal from a *maître d'hôtel* the waiters are immobilised. There is a pause.

The music strikes up, and from somewhere in the region of the service-room a figure emerges into a spot-light manipulated from above. Youthful or not, she is attractively made up and charmingly dressed. A few steps, perhaps a turn or two round the floor, and she is joined by a young man. He may be athletic-looking or slim and boyish, but he

is always in evening dress and often made up as if for the stage. They dance, gracefully, fantastically, or gymnastically, according to their bent ; in unison, or together. The steps are frequently an elaboration of the latest fad, such as, last season, the charleston or black-bottom ; in any case they are intricate enough to bewilder the eye. The culmination usually takes the form of throwing the girl up and carrying her around ; incidentally the ladies get new ideas as to underclothing. Something like this is the staple of all such entertainments, whether given in the afternoon or evening.

Next in the favour of visitors I should put music. In opera Monte Carlo ranks first. The resources of the Casino enable it to secure better artists and to produce grand opera in a manner which cannot be achieved elsewhere ; it commands the services of a first-class director, M. Gunsbourg, several good conductors, and a really adequate orchestra. First productions are not uncommon, and new works are given each season. In this respect Monte Carlo keeps up its tradition. I should put Cannes second and Nice a

bad third, the programmes and performances at the Municipal Opera House leaving a good deal to be desired. Seats are usually frs. 20 or frs. 40.

In light opera there is not much difference, the same company usually appearing at different places along the coast ; this is also the case as to other kinds of theatrical entertainments—comedy, revue, etc.

Spectacular shows such as are given by the Paris music-halls, with their carefully-picked nude *figurantes*, do not come our way, except on the screen.

Ballet forms an item in the programmes all along the Riviera. M. Diaghilef's company has given two seasons every winter for some years past, one early and one late, the popularity of which shows no signs of diminishing ; other companies also appear, some of them quite good, and star-artists in stage-dancing make occasional special visits.

The ranking as for opera holds good, on the whole, as to concerts. Perhaps more world-known artists may appear in Nice or Cannes,

but the opportunities of hearing good music are far more numerous in Monte Carlo, and my impression is that the general level is higher.

As to the cinema, there is nothing to be said — films being the same everywhere — except that as the block-booking system does not obtain in France, it is frequently possible to see new productions before they are shown to the public in England—or even in America. Smoking is not allowed. A good seat can usually be obtained for between frs. 5 and frs. 10.

Hotels and restaurants frequently advertise *diners fleuris*, gala dinners, and *fêtes de nuit*. A *diner fleuri* means nothing but a few extra flowers on the tables, a special menu, and perhaps a couple of exhibition dances. A gala dinner may be anything between this and a much more elaborate entertainment indistinguishable from a *fête*, the room being decorated for the occasion—sometimes in a really artistic manner—and a good programme of show-turns provided. There are sure to be *surprises*—toys to make noises with, balloons,

etc. The peculiarity of surprises is that they are always the same. Occasionally really attractive gifts are distributed, or prizes given in connection with dancing or a *tombola* (raffle). If you are in an appropriately happy-go-lucky mood, a gala is usually quite enjoyable. It is good to play the fool sometimes, pelting and being pelted by the occupants of neighbouring tables with little coloured balls, and trying to hit people at a distance with harmless projectiles. Also, you never know what may come of it. A happily-married lady of my acquaintance first made her existence known to her husband by hitting him on the ear with a flying sausage ; he asked her to dance, and the thing was as good as done.

Fêtes generally have some special characteristic. There are rose *fêtes*, mimosa *fêtes*, carnation *fêtes*, Russian *fêtes*, Chinese or Japanese *fêtes*, *fêtes des Indes*, Spanish *fêtes* with a mock bullfight, Egyptian *fêtes* ; special provincial *fêtes*—Basque, Breton, Alsatian, Provençal, etc. ; and other varieties according to the scheme of decoration or the character

of the entertainment. Sometimes the latter takes the form of a mannequin parade, which I am informed by authority is quite useful when the mannequins promenade the dance floor, so that you can see the display at close quarters, but not much good from a practical point of view when they remain on a platform; or dancing competitions, professional or amateur, the principal interest of the latter being that well-known social figures occasionally compete; even British royalty has been known to relax to that extent on the Riviera.

The most elaborate entertainments of this kind—galas and *fêtes*—are at the casinos of Cannes and Monte Carlo, and some of the *luxé* hotels, especially the Ruhl and the Negresco at Nice. From the artistic point of view I think the palm would go to Cannes; the Christmas, New Year, Carnival, and Easter *fêtes* at the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs are exceptionally well done, and additional brilliancy is lent by the company. Otherwise Monte Carlo runs it close. Three or four times a season the Atrium is converted into a bower

of flowers and lights—perhaps mauve and pink carnations, masses of the purple blossoms of the bougainvillea, festoons of wistaria draping the marble columns, all interspersed with strings of tiny electric globes, mauve and pink and purple and blue, while from the ceiling and the galleries depend more powerful lamps hidden by fantastic silk shades in soft tones of the same colours. The theatre is similarly transformed, and as the double doors between the two are thrown open, there is plenty of space—several hundred people do not make a crowd. But a large proportion of those present will be people who are connected with the hotels and the administrative services; the fashionable world does not support these entertainments at Monte Carlo as it does at Cannes. In point of splendid and elaborate entertainments Nice beats either; at some of the *fêtes* at the Ruhl hundreds of performers have appeared in costume shows with gorgeous scenic effects, and the Negresco has a special reputation for securing clever and brilliant artistes.

There are two drawbacks. The fare

provided on these occasions is generally a gastronomic outrage, and trickery is practised in regard to the charges which has frequently been the subject of comment in the Riviera press. The fixed price may be anything from 50 francs for a *diner fleuri* to 200 francs for a *fête*; 100 to 150 is usual for galas. But preposterous prices are often charged for normal extras—wine, liqueurs, cigars, even mineral waters; and substantial sums added for the *couvert* (table money) and the flowers on the table, whereas by long-established custom these are included in a fixed price. Fancy figuring is also done occasionally where 10 per cent. is charged for service, and in regard to the hotel and restaurant tax; the percentages in both cases should be on the amount without either, whereas they may be cumulative. I know of no remedy except to put down the amount less the over-charges, endorsing the bill; it is unpleasant to make a fuss openly on these occasions. As Maria said when Enery knocked the lodger down, it spoils the 'armony of the hevenin'.

I always reckon that the actual cost will be at least twice the fixed price.

The principal amusement is dancing, as everywhere, and the opportunities for it are at tea-time and after dinner in most of the leading hotels and restaurants, always in casinos, and at some cabarets, which open from four o'clock in the afternoon. Attractions are frequently provided. A popular one is the roulette dance : numbers painted on the floor are reproduced on a hanging wheel which is made to revolve ; when it stops the band and the dancers stop, and a prize goes to the couple on the number indicated by a fixed pointer above the wheel. There are also gala teas, with special decorations, and sometimes a special entertainment.

Fixed prices for dance-teas vary from frs. 10 where there is no entertainment to frs. 25 for gala occasions. The actual cost may be from half as much again to twice as much.

At most of the hotels and restaurants where dancing is a special feature there are professional dancers, male and female. From what I am told, it would appear that ladies

dance a great deal more with professionals when they are on the Riviera than they would do at home—just as many people gamble who would not dream of doing so in England. One reason, no doubt, is that so many are manless, and it is dull watching all the time when you like dancing. Besides, your toes itch. Personally, I see no harm in the practice, though I have heard it condemned by dancing-men, especially of the younger generation. But I never heard a lone man condemned for dancing with the girl-professionals, some of whom are quite pretty and attractive. The rule as to paying these people, laid down by the *maître d'hôtel* at one of the leading restaurants, is that if you are invited to dance you need not pay for the first time unless you accept a subsequent invitation : then the proper thing is 10 francs a dance, with a maximum of 50. If you take the initiative and ask a professional to dance, you pay in any case.

Very often the men run a class, usually elsewhere, and give private lessons for which from 50 to 150 francs an hour is charged,

according to their standing and popularity. The class charges vary from frs. 100 to frs. 150 for five lessons.

There are also special dances at casinos and elsewhere. When evening dress is to be worn, these are advertised as *bals* ; when fancy dress, as *bals masqués* or *veglioni*. The regulations as to the latter are sometimes rather fussy, but if you wish to go it is well to make yourself acquainted with them, because otherwise you may be refused admission in spite of the fact that you have paid for a ticket. The simplest form of fancy dress is a domino and a *loup* (mask), the first of which can be hired for about 20 or 30 francs and the latter purchased for a few francs, either at the cloakroom or beforehand at a shop—which is generally cheaper. When dominoes are barred, a suitable fancy dress must be hired or improvised beforehand. Men can manage all right with a sash and a couple of scarves—twist one round your head—wearing a tennis-shirt with the sleeves rolled up and ordinary evening trousers. Say you are a Welsh brigand—the *maître des cérémonies*

won't know any better. More ingenuity is necessary for the ladies, because they want to look well; one dodge is to wear something becoming but out of the fashion, such as a fanciful head-dress. Money, of course, will solve all these difficulties; nearly all the departmental stores stock fancy dresses. The regulations sometimes leave only a very narrow range of choice, especially at Nice in connection with the carnival balls. A particular colour is prescribed—white, pink, or blue. This leads to mistakes when everybody is masked. A charming little hand was laid on my arm one night at the Opera—where these dances are held—and a pair of rosy lips, addressing me as Charles, confided that the tall man over there had been following their slim owner about. When I expressed my regret that Fate had denied me the honour of being Charles, the bright dark eyes looked frightened and the lady fled. But perhaps there wasn't any Charles.

Dances of this kind are generally well attended, except at Monte Carlo, where for some reason they don't go.

Cabaret entertainments are generally on the lines already described. Occasionally one may strike a novelty, such as the clever little "negro" troupe which toured along the Riviera last season. As to the cost, if you drop in for an hour or so and limit the quantity of champagne to half a bottle each, you should get off with £1 apiece; but the atmosphere is productive of that just-another bottle-spirit, and I always reckon that it may be twice as much.

In all the principal places there are *dancings*—supper-bars with a piano and a tiny floor. In these you are not expected to order champagne, but your company is mostly mixed—or hardly mixed except for yourself.



CHAPTER VIII

Outdoor Entertainments and Pastimes

THE carnival processions at Nice were revived about forty years ago as a commercial speculation on the part of the town, and whether the visitors ever took part in them or not, they rarely do so now, contenting themselves with watching and occasionally throwing confetti at the crowd of masqueraders and the occupants of the gaudy erections on the lorries. You will enjoy yourself a great deal more if you throw your dignity to the winds, and join the revellers in the Corso. I once lured a distinguished editor and a well-known publicist into this, and they laughed for days after over the recollection of a bunch of lively huzzies mobbing a policeman. It is quite in order to commandeer unoccupied seats in any

carriage or motor-car when you need a rest. One of the disadvantages of being on a stand is that it begins to grow chilly about three, and getting away is not easy until nearly an hour later, whereas if you are in the Corso you can wriggle out at almost any side-street. There are a number of these processions on different days, and at night the central part of the town is illuminated, and the fun goes on till all hours.

This is also the time for the battles of flowers, in which those on the stands can play a larger part, although again it is much livelier to be really in it—not necessarily an expensive matter if anybody has a motor-car, or a few club together for a carriage. It doesn't matter in the least how many you cram into it—the more the merrier. In the case of the car, you need an innocent to drive ; nobody who has ever taken that job on will do it again willingly.

Elsewhere, except perhaps at Cannes, the visitors take so little part in these festivities that the show is apt to be rather feeble. But they may be quite enjoyable, given a fine day,

especially in the case of the Naval Battle of Flowers at Villfranche when there are warships in the harbour. Some generally happen to arrive a day or two before—perhaps the officers could tell why. Anyhow, they turn out their boats in great style, and as the girls are by no means backward in coming forward, things are sometimes very lively. The officers of the *Chasseurs Alpins* stationed in the district are generally conspicuous at all these festivities, and as they are very smart men, that helps.

The dog-shows always attract a crowd. Whether most of the people come to see the dogs or the clothes of some of their fair owners, I do not pretend to judge ; at Cannes, or even at Monte Carlo, it might be the latter. The general standard of the exhibits is not high, despite a firm conviction to the contrary at the other end of the string ; but there are always good Pekinese and Alsations, also specimens of Continental breeds not commonly known in England. One of the ways of bringing a breed into fashion is to show it on the Riviera.

The motor shows are chiefly interesting for the body-work shown by some of the Italian firms, and the artistic fittings which make the interiors of the high-priced British cars look like a workhouse-room by comparison. Considerable crowds turn out to see the hill-climbing competitions, to which the hairpin bends characteristic of the mountain-roads lend something of the thrill of the bull-ring.

But for the fact that it falls just when most of the visitors are going home, the Horse Show at Nice would be one of the principal events of the season. The dexterity of both the horses and their riders—who are of many nationalities — in negotiating apparently impossible obstacles, is an eye-opener, and it is a melancholy fact that the British cavalry officers do not shine by comparison, any more than they do at Olympia.

As a night spectacle, the Venetian fête at Cannes bears away the palm. The strings of fantastically-decorated and illuminated boats, winding in and out on the dark water of the

harbour, with the Mont du Chevalier lit by coloured fires in the background, are extraordinarily beautiful. Next I should put the illuminations and firework exhibitions at Monte Carlo. The configuration of the bay lends itself admirably to such displays, on which a great deal of money is lavished. From the terraces—there are three levels—or the Avenue de Monte Carlo (the road which mounts the hill on the near side of the harbour) several thousand people can obtain a perfect view. The fireworks, which are discharged on the sea-end of the Rock, surpass in artistry anything I ever saw elsewhere; the French have a genius for harmonising colours. The display usually ends in a river of fire which appears to pour itself into the sea, the hues melting into each other. It is an unforgettable sight.

Some of the annual local celebrations have features of interest for strangers, as when Monaco commemorates her patron saint, Sainte Dévote. The relics, enclosed in a gold casket, are carried in procession from the cathedral on the Rock down the old fortified

way which was formerly the only means of access to the town, and thence to the chapel under the railway arch, supposed to be on the spot where the saint landed after being shipwrecked in A.D. 854. Surrounded by a crowd of local notabilities and ecclesiastics in gorgeous vestments, the Bishop of Monaco blesses the sea. In the evening there is a religious ceremony still older in origin. This is the Burning of the Boat, formerly a sacrifice to the god of the sea ; it was probably instituted by the Greeks in honour of Poseidon. A specially picturesque feature is the preliminary torchlight procession down the modern road which slants from the top of the Rock at the sea-end to the foot of the fortified way ; the effect, seen from the terrace across the harbour, is very striking. Another curious old custom at Monaco is the Procession of the *Christ Mort* on the eve of Good Friday. The image of the dead Christ—ragged auburn hair resting on a black and silver cushion, a tiny emaciated body in a loincloth, the sickly white face twisted in an agonised grin, the feet

bespattered with blood—is carried on a bier from the Chapelle des Pénitents to the cathedral, in the midst of a procession of clergy, figures dressed to represent the three Marys, St. Veronica with the sacred handkerchief, St. Simon the Cyrenean carrying a huge cross, boys bearing emblems on cushions—the crown of thorns, a miniature spear, a sponge stained dark red—and representatives of the religious orders, mostly habited in black, together with lantern-bearers, etc. The cortège is a weird sight as it winds through the narrow streets, across which people at opposite windows could almost shake hands. Many of the window-sills are decorated with flowers, candles, and an image. A silent crowd fills the Place du Palais, and in a loggia in the front of the palace is His Most Serene Highness Prince Louis, surrounded by his family. The Princess lifts up one of the grandchildren to see the dead Saviour, and a murmur goes through the crowd like the rustling of a forest in a gale; the people do not cheer because of the occasion.

Other local celebrations are of a more

cheerful character, such as the Provençal fête at Le Cannet, the one at Vence, and the quaint mediæval festivity at St. Agnès on St. Joseph's day. The first and last are especially worth seeing.

Comparatively few of the visitors bathe. There is nothing against it; the water is rarely colder than it often is on the English coasts in summer, and there are bathing establishments open at all places of any size. The best time is as soon as the sun is sufficiently high to have warmed the air; later, the wind is more likely to be felt. But the photographs which appear in publicity booklets, and occasionally find their way into the illustrated papers, of a crowd of people bathing—"The Riviera in January"—are either faked, or taken when there is a swimming competition, and the hardy natives, many of whom do bathe all the year round as far as their opportunities permit, turn out in force.

The most unlikely people walk. Middle-aged men who don't sleep well calm their nerves by long tramps—it really is worth

remembering that the air high up and away from the coast has a sedative effect. Women who were dancing all evening, perhaps till the small hours, turn out cheerfully at ten o'clock with lunch-parcels and disappear into the hills, not to return until five or six. It is refreshing to get away from over-civilisation sometimes, to climb a hill-side by a cobbled path with the sun beating on your back—a most effective cure for gout; to fill your lungs with fine thin air; to snuff the smell of the south as you pass the shanties of *propriétaires* — the hardworking agriculturists who were the backbone of French prosperity—a smell compounded of warm dust and wood-smoke. The walls of their vineyards are pink with valerian, and you can pick the wild herbs that grow freely beside the path, crush a sprig or two between your fingers for the aromatic savour—rosemary, thyme, marjoram, and lavender, which the country people call *St.-Jean-Pleure*. As you mount between the grey-green foliage of the olive-trees on the lower slopes you catch glimpses of the rich verdure of the valleys,

brightened by the gold of lemons and oranges, until you emerge on to a pine-dotted ridge gay with yellow broom, and a vista of mountain-peaks spreads before you. You may meet the Rolls-Royce of the country, the patient little donkey, so often looking much better fed and cared for than his owner ; and if you venture on a greeting, you will receive a friendly " Buon gior' " in the high singing voice of the mountain-bred. If you don't eat the hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches the head-waiter gave you with a hearty appetite, and feel thankful you are alive to enjoy them up there, you had better have stayed at home.

Perhaps, if you are well above the sea at the hour of sunset, and the moon is high in the south-east, you may see something you will not quickly forget. For a few minutes after the sun disappears the atmosphere is sometimes blood-red ; it is like being in the heart of a ruby ; and as the glow fades, the moon turns it into a purple haze :

" A light that never was on sea or land."

CHAPTER IX

Gaming

THIS chapter is intended for those who wish to look on and perhaps play a little occasionally, not for gamblers. You won't be happy if you make a business of it—I can assure you of that ; but I can also tell you that the winning of small sums produces a feeling of pleasure absurdly disproportionate to the amount. From the commonsense point of view, it does not matter if you lose a few shillings, or a few pounds if your income permits ; but if you win, you will be as pleased as Punch—whether you admit it or not.

In casinos in France only two games are permitted, *Boule* and *Baccara*. *Boule* is a very simple game. A light rubber ball (like a child's ball) is jerked by a croupier into

a shallow wooden bowl with a convex centre ; in the trough between the centre and the sides there are circular depressions, numbered 1 to 9 (the numbers are always duplicated and often quadruplicated) ; the ball wanders about until it comes to rest in one of the circular depressions, the number of which is the winning number. Stakes are placed in rectangular spaces with the numbers in them painted on the cloth ; you can back a single number or four numbers. Stakes on the winning number are paid at the rate of 7 to 1. Stakes on the group in which it figures at the rate of 1 to 1. The minimum stake is fr. 1, or in some casinos frs. 2, and these sums are staked in money ; for larger stakes counters are used, which can be obtained from attendants who may be distinguished by their satchels, or at a cash-desk (*caisse*), where you change your counters back into money if you win. (This applies to all the games.) Personally, I find Boule a most depressing business to watch ; the sight of that ball loafing half-heartedly about the bowl gives me the pip.

Baccarat, also called *chemin-de-fer*, or "shemmy" for short, is a horse of another colour; the rules permit onlookers to join in only under certain circumstances. In principle, the players who sit take the bank in turn, putting up a certain amount of money. The banker deals four cards from the shoe (a rectangular box with a trap at one end so that only one card can be withdrawn at a time), handing two to the player who has staked most (the punter), and retaining two. Tens and honours are null, other cards count according to their pips; the highest hand is nine—that is, ten or an honour and a nine, or ace and eight, etc. If either of them has eight or nine, neither can draw; otherwise both have the option of another card. Nine or the nearest wins. The officiating croupier then either pays the stakes out of the money in the bank, or adds them to it, less the casino's commission of 5 per cent. In the first case, the bank passes; in the second, the banker usually continues to hold it, though if he (or she) has won a number of times, it is often surrendered.

It will be noticed that the players are gambling directly with each other, and it is this sociable element which makes baccarat interesting to watch. Temporary partnerships are formed (they sometimes lead to partnerships of another kind). Amusing incidents arise; when the punter is acting for others who have also staked, he has the responsibility of deciding whether or not to draw when holding five; as a matter of fact, the chances of improving his hand or weakening it are equal; but he is liable to encounter black looks whatever he does, if he loses through it. There are also duels, when one player persists in going *banco* (staking the full amount in the bank—then no one else can stake). The amount of money which then appears to be changing hands is often an illusion, because if the luck turns the punter wins back all he has staked (less the commission). But sometimes it doesn't, and then the money really passes. I saw a girl at Nice start a bank with 5 louis (16s. 8d.) and take off 9,728 (£1,620); the big player who went gunning for her got it where the chicken

got the axe—she won eleven times in succession.

The unit at baccarat is always the louis—a 20-franc counter so-called because it represents the 20-franc gold piece of pre-war days. The croupier announces the amount in the bank accordingly: “Dix louis” (33s.); “Cinquante louis” (£8 5s.); when the figure mounts up, it is convenient to remember that every hundred means £16 10s., every thousand £165.

Onlookers may stake whenever the players sitting round the table don't put up the full amount in the bank; so, if you wish to flutter, put your money down beyond the yellow line in front of them when they are slow in staking theirs.

Baccarat is also played at Monte Carlo, but the games on which the fame of the place grew are *trente-et-quarante* and roulette. *Trente-et-quarante* is a simple game except for one complication. Two rows of cards are dealt by a croupier, the first for Black and the second for Red; he ceases to deal in each row as soon as the pips total over 30 (court cards

count 10) ; and the row which totals nearest to 30 wins, 31 being the best possible. The complication is in regard to the two other chances on which the players may stake beside Black and Red—*Couleur* and *Inverse*. *Couleur* is the colour of the first card dealt—that is to say, when the first card is a spade or a club, *Couleur* for that deal is Black, and if Black wins *Couleur* also wins ; similarly, if the first card dealt is a heart or diamond, *Couleur* for that deal is Red, and if Red wins *Couleur* wins. *Inverse* is simply the reverse of *Couleur* ; when *Couleur* wins *Inverse* loses, and *vice versa*.

The stakes are placed in spaces enclosed by lines painted on the cloth in the usual manner ; you can buy a post card anywhere with a diagram showing which is which. The minimum is 2 louis, except at certain tables in the Cercle Privé and at the Sporting Club, where it is either 5 or 25.

The roulette-wheel, most fascinating and dangerous of all, consists of a fixed concave rim and a convex inner part which revolves, its edge being divided into 37 compartments,

numbered 0 to 36 ; this is set spinning by a croupier, who immediately afterwards flicks a small ivory ball away on the rim in the opposite direction. The ball flies like the imp of mischief it is, racing perhaps a dozen times round the rim before it falls into the whirling wheel, where it often plays hop-skip-and-jump until it comes to rest in a compartment, the number of which is the winning number.

The possibilities as to staking are too complicated to be described here ; it must suffice to say that a number may be backed singly or in combination with one, two, three, five, eleven or seventeen other numbers, and that winning stakes are paid as if there were only 36 numbers on the wheel—*i.e.* on a single number (*en plein*) 35 times, on two numbers 17 times, on three 11 times, etc. An hour spent in watching will make it all clear, and from a roulette post card you can learn what to say to the croupier if—as is wisest at first—you give him your stake to put on ; this is a common practice, both for new and experienced players, because of the difficulty of placing stakes correctly, especially

if you are standing up and there is a crowd round the table. An additional advantage is that if you are successful the croupier rakes up your winnings and hands them to you—he should do so without being asked, and always will on request (“*Les cinq louis pour la transversale sont à moi*”). Otherwise it is not always easy to retrieve winnings on numbers and groups up to 12; they are counted out by the paying croupier and flung on the cloth somewhere near the stake, and you may not be able to reach them from behind a row of people. Don't forget, when you are paid in this way, that your stake—generally left in position—still belongs to you. Ask for it if you want (“*Donnez-moi la mise aussi*”), and if your request is not attended to—as may be the case when the croupier is busy placing fresh stakes for others—wait for the result of the next spin. Even if you forget to claim your stake at the time, and only remember it after you have quitted the table, go back and inquire about it. The person to ask is the *chef de table*, who sits on a high chair behind the croupiers in the

middle. He may hand you quite a nice little packet.

Now, a word of warning. A saga of legends and superstitions and nonsensical beliefs has grown up around roulette. You will hear of systems by means of which so-much can be won daily with a capital of so-much ; you will see books in all the stationers' shops with advertisements professing that details are given of similar mirages ; you will be told of dodges for staking, such as : " After 35 or 36 you should play the quatre premiers," or " After 23 it is always the treize-dix-huit," etc. You may also think that you have discovered something yourself. The commonest form of this delusion is the wonderful discovery that " It can't go on being black all the time."

There is not, and there cannot be, any means of securing an advantage as against the bank. The game is a game of chance, with the odds slightly against the player. What has happened gives no clue to what is going to happen. Every spin is a separate event, and the probabilities every time are

exactly the same. Amuse yourself if you like by playing for such stakes as you can easily afford, but don't bemuse yourself, or allow yourself to be bemused, into the belief that any mode of staking has advantages over any other. If you are fortunate enough to win a fairly substantial sum, spend the money and forget it.

I never play. I agree with the man from Huddersfield, who said: "I would if it wasn't for yon chap with the rake."



CHAPTER X

Practical Hints

AS to the probable cost of a visit to the Riviera, I have compiled two estimates, based partly on my own experiences and partly on information gathered from friends who have come out. The first is compiled with an eye to economy, but provides for a modest share in the less expensive amusements; I have put the cost of pension at frs. 35 per day, not because it is impossible to find it at a lower figure, but because that should be obtainable anywhere without difficulty. In the second I have taken a more liberal view; although one cannot live at the best hotels for £1 a day (including extras), at that price good accommodation and excellent food could be obtained even last season.

ESTIMATE A.

	£	s.	d.
Second Class Return	9	0	0
Expenses on the journeys	2	0	0
14 days Pension at frs. 35, plus 50 per cent. for extras, taxes and tips	6	6	0
Sundry Expenditure at frs. 25 per day ..	2	18	0
Gaieties, Excursions, etc., frs. 600 ..	5	0	0
	<hr/>		
	25	4	0
For 28 days, double the last three items ..	14	4	0
	<hr/>		
	£39	8	0
	<hr/>		

ESTIMATE B.

	£	s.	d.
First Class Return	12	10	0
Expenses on the journeys	3	0	0
14 days Pension at frs. 80, plus 50 per cent.	14	0	0
Sundry Expenditure, frs. 50 per day ..	6	0	0
Gaieties, Excursions, etc.	15	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£50	10	0
	<hr/>		

Hotels on the Riviera have tended more and more to the residential type, and most of them decline between Christmas and the end of February to make terms for room and breakfast only. The rule is full *pension*—breakfast, luncheon and dinner. (Afternoon tea is always an extra, except at *pensions* run by English people.) If you want to go about and see what there is to be seen, this rather cramps your style unless a little extra expenditure is a matter of no importance. The hotel will provide you with a parcel-luncheon whenever you wish, of course ; but restaurant-meals mean paying twice over.

There is a class of hotel which gives room and breakfast only, called *meublés*, and some of them are clean and respectable. In a *meublé* you are free to do as you like ; there is nothing to prevent you from picnicking in your room if the fancy takes you. Indeed, that may be the only alternative to going out or fasting ; but in many instances there is a restaurant in the building. The disadvantage of being in a *meublé* is that it makes you something of an Ishmaelite ; there is

seldom any lounge accommodation to speak of, and few of the guests use what there is. Nor are all the female guests of the sort your wife would care to make friends with—though, for that matter, wherever you stay on the Riviera your neighbour in the next room may be one of those boofer ladies.

The problem has quite a different aspect before Christmas and after the beginning of March, when it is not difficult to arrange for a room and breakfast, or *mi-pension*, in a residential hotel, with a comfortable lounge, etc. (*Mi-pension* means without the luncheon.)

The distinction between hotels and boarding - houses is slender; most of the so-called *Pensions* hold licences, and are virtually hotels.

A list of hotels in any particular place may be obtained by writing to the local *Syndicat d'Initiative* and enclosing an international postal coupon (which may be obtained from any post office) for 3d., or 6d. if you ask for a town - plan as well.* A list of

* For Monte Carlo, write to the *Bureau des Renseignements*. There is no *Syndicat d'Initiative*.

hotels in all the places, large and small, can be obtained from the *Fédération des Syndicats d'Initiative de la Côte d'Azur*, 2 rue Deloye, Nice; the coupon should be for 1s., and for that, if you ask them, you will get a copy of the "Carte Panoramique," a sort of bird's-eye view of the entire coast with exaggerated snow-mountains in the background—most picturesque.

Minimum prices *en pension* are given in the lists of hotels, also complicated decimals about taxes. The short cut to the probable actual cost is the same as in regard to restaurant meals—add 50 per cent. This will cover a slightly higher charge than the lowest rate, bath (if an extra), taxes, tips, and a modest allowance of *vin du pays* with meals. *Ch. c.* in these lists means central heating; *eau cour.*, or *ch. et f.*, that there are fitted wash-basins in the bedrooms.

Even if you have an hotel well recommended from *recent* personal experience—the only sort of recommendation that is worth anything—I advise against booking rooms in advance. If you do so, the hotel-keeper will almost

certainly take advantage of the fact by giving you the poorest accommodation vacant at the money, and it is always on the cards that there may be none vacant. This might be a blessing in disguise, because you stand a far better chance of getting good quarters if you go round on arrival and bargain. That is what I advise you to do. There is a risk between the 15th of January and the end of February; the place may be quite full, and it is just possible that you might have to go on to some small place near by, where rooms could be booked by telephone: but this seldom happens; there is a great deal more cry than wool about visitors sleeping in bathrooms. You run the risk for what it is, anyway; the hotel-keeper won't keep rooms for you when that state of affairs exists.

This advice represents the view of several people connected with the *Syndicats d'Initiative* whom I have consulted. They say they get so many complaints from visitors who have booked in advance, and not got what they had a right to expect,

that it would be better for both sides if the practice were discontinued.

An irritating trick of some of the hotel-keeping fraternity is to make a price and then raise it as soon as you are comfortably settled in. There is normally an advance in January on December rates, and this you could ascertain beforehand ; but I have often heard of prices being raised arbitrarily because an hotel was full and there were applications for rooms which could not be met. By the way, you need never have any scruple about changing your quarters if the fancy takes you ; it is so commonly done on the Riviera that the hotel-keepers have an arrangement about it.

As I have said some unkind things about the majority of the Riviera hotel-keepers, it is only fair to add that in spite of their shortcomings they almost always do a very good best to make their guests comfortable, that they are generally quite obliging in the way of meeting small personal predilections, and that there is a considerable minority who are not only perfectly honourable but

go out of their way to ensure that there shall be no just cause for complaint.

The least uncomfortable mode of travelling is by Dover-Calais and one of the through expresses ("Calais - Méditerranée"); it is popularly supposed that the *luxe* trains, composed of sleeping-cars—the lower beds being seats by day—and a dining-car, offer the best accommodation. Personally I don't think so; if you can afford a *salon lit*, which is a sort of small room with armchairs and beds for two, three, or four, you get far more air. An intermediate form of accommodation is a *courette*, one of four berths in a first-class compartment, the two lower ones being the seats. The second-class compartments hold eight, and are apt to get very stuffy during the night if any of the passengers are French, because the French have a horror of open windows—or even an open door, on account of the draught from the corridor.

Between the 1st of December and the 15th of March it is wise to reserve the necessary seats as long beforehand as possible. The railway companies will not book them

until a fortnight before the date, but the agencies have an arrangement by which they can do so earlier.

A point you need to be particular about is where your registered luggage will be examined. It depends upon your destination. As a rule, luggage registered through to any of the larger places is examined at the destination, but the regulations change so much that one never knows. Luggage registered through to Monte Carlo is examined at Monaco, the next station. Hand luggage is always examined at the port of debarkation—Calais or Boulogne, etc.

It is as well to make sure of your meals en route. Places can be reserved in restaurant cars, with the advantage that you can choose your hour; if you leave the question until you get on the train, you may find that all the seats for the earlier services are taken up, and it is not pleasant to have to wait until nine or half-past for dinner when travelling, especially if you are a bad sailor and have missed luncheon. Reserving also prevents you from falling into one of the little traps

which await the unwary. There are not restaurant cars on all the trains southward from Paris ; the clerk at the agency may glibly assure you that there is one on the train you are going to travel by, and when he tries to book you a seat find that there isn't. In that case the best thing you can do is to dine at the Gare de Lyon ; the restaurant is on the first floor, facing the end of the departure platform.

Ladies alone, and unaccustomed to foreign travel, will find it a convenience to book through a tourist agency for a date on which one of its men is going to Marseilles. This is especially useful in connection with passing the Customs. I have heard Lunn's men well spoken of.

It is advisable to insure your luggage. For the last year or so there have not been as many robberies as formerly, the principal gang operating having been rounded up ; but it is better to be on the safe side. Policies are obtainable from all tourist agencies or at the departure station.

If you are going to stay in one place all

the time, the best arrangement about money is to tell your bankers to instruct a local bank to cash your cheques ; if you intend to move about, take travellers' cheques—for rather more than you think you will require, if you are as others. You will save a good deal of time if you stipulate that the paying bank must be British ; the system in the French banks necessitates almost endless waiting.

As to your packing, take such things as you would wear at home in spring or autumn : light summer clothing is a death-trap on the Riviera. In addition, you need a heavy coat.

Clothes and personal effects of that kind are not liable to duty. In theory, most of the other things which people take with them are — cameras and field - glasses, for instance ; but as a rule the customs officers pass all such things, and are only keen about cigars, cigarettes, and tobacco. Put whatever you have in that way in your hand baggage, and when you open the bag in the custom-house, place it on top. The nominal allowance free of duty is twenty-five cigarettes *or* about the same weight of tobacco in another form ;

if you have more, you will be liable to pay at a rate which works out roughly at twice the value in England. There is no reason for bringing more than you require for the journey; the Riviera is not exactly a desert island, and even if you cannot get your favourite brand of smoke, you can get something near. But you can't get decent matches.

When you get out of the train on arrival, *don't forget to put on your coat*. If you go to look at rooms before settling in, take a warm scarf as well.

Should the *meublé* idea appeal to you, look round in the vicinity of the station. French commercial hotels generally leave something to be desired in the way of cleanliness and brightness, but it is possible that you may find an exception, and in this class of hotel there is usually a restaurant with moderate prices.

In this connection, be careful about taking rooms in a *meublé* which is not listed by the *Syndicat d'Initiative*, because some of these places really cater for a special class of trade

—very temporary guests ! The cabman is the lad to put you wise.

How far you can bargain depends on whether it is early or late in the season, and whether the season is a good or bad one. There are minor things you can always bargain about, such as porridge and bacon-and-eggs for breakfast, and the charge for baths. I object to paying for my cold tub every morning, and rarely fail to get my way. Up to Christmas, and after the beginning of March, the hotel-keepers are generally inclined to be amenable, even in the best hotels.

Late in the afternoon it is not always easy to be sure as to the aspect of a room. Remember that locally “ *plein midi* ” means facing the sea, not “ full south.”

If you get stuck, tell the *cocher* to go to the *Syndicat d'Initiative*. He probably won't know where it is, so have the address handy. The *personnel* of the Syndicate offices are most obliging ; they will telephone all round the town, and if necessary to near-by places, to find possible quarters for you.

Don't try to do too much at first. The

electricity in the air tempts to over-exertion, which may result in sleeplessness. Let the climate do its work; when your body is attuned to it, you can do anything.

Banking hours are 9—12 and 2—4, except on Saturdays (9—12). The banks are shut on Sundays, public holidays (much the same as in England), and religious holidays, about which you need to be wary.

Post Office hours are from 8 to 7 on ordinary days, 8—10 on Sundays and holidays. Stamps for letters can also be obtained from all tobacconists ("Tabac"). Letters to Great Britain (and most other countries) require fr. 1.50 up to 20 grammes (about $\frac{3}{4}$ oz.); post cards 90c.; telegrams fr. 1.25 per word, with a minimum of frs. 7.50c.

The most useful paper on the coast is the *Eclaireur de Nice*, which publishes scraps of general news in English, but is chiefly valuable for its chronicle of coming local events. The *Paris Continental Daily Mail* of the previous day is on sale everywhere first thing in the morning; the London papers of the same date reach Hyères about noon, and later as you

go eastward—about half-past three at Menton. Most of the casinos put up Havas telegrams every evening, especially those relating to the money and stock markets.

The best local guides are the *Diamant* series, obtainable in English or French at frs. 6. If the *Diamant* is out of print, the next best are the *Guides Pol* (frs. 4).

According to the law, café-keepers are obliged to post up a price list ; it is generally a conspicuous object, and it will pay you to consult it, and check the waiter's arithmetic. It is not fair to assume when he makes a mistake in his own favour that he is trying to cheat ; the poor man may be a native of the country, and no native can reckon. Their mistakes are just as often against themselves as the other way about.

Don't be afraid of airing your French, even if it is insular. East of Cannes many of the inhabitants know very little, and speak badly (they talk a dialect-Italian among themselves). So you need not be shy of making mistakes, or surprised if you are not at once understood.

The auto-mails, which run all along the

coast from Cannes eastwards, are a great convenience ; they are saloon-cars, holding between twelve and twenty, and as a rule quite comfortable to ride in. The trams dodder, and jolt so badly as to give one a headache ; the trains also dodder, are often very unpunctual when they come from the direction of Marseilles, and many of the stations are not conveniently situated from the visitors' point of view. So the auto-mails reap the benefit, and are very popular. The fares and approximate times taken will be found in the Appendix.

In this connection, if you wish to go anywhere by train in the direction of Marseilles (from east to west) it is necessary to notice the headings of the columns in which the times of possible trains are found. If a train is marked " Omnibus " you are all right ; but if it has a letter (A, B, C, etc.), then probably you will not be able to go by it, because it is reserved for long-distance travellers.

There are no taxis, in the ordinary sense of the term, except at Nice (see Appendix). Elsewhere the motor-cars which display a

card bearing the word are simply to be hired according to a local scale, the charges depending on distance. It is well to make sure about the price beforehand, and how long you are entitled to stay in the place to which you are going. A ten per cent. tip up to frs. 20 is usual. Otherwise, the Riviera clings to its victorias (*voitures*). There are all sorts of complicated regulations about zones and distances, which vary in the different places; life not being long enough to study that sort of thing, I have made my own rule, which works quite well, and is based on essential justice. For a ten minutes' drive in a one-horse cab I pay frs. 5; in a two-horse cab, frs. 7-8; and more in rough proportion for longer distances: when I want a cab by the hour, at the rate of frs. 20 per hour, so informing the *cocher* beforehand; but I usually give him frs. 5 extra, whereupon he grins and thanks me. Station cabmen generally expect more, and one often has to give it, especially in the height of the season—frs. 10-15 even for a short journey, and more if there is much luggage. It should be remembered that

for two-thirds of the year they earn very little.

The hotel servants are sometimes so over-worked that they can only just manage to get through what they have to do by scamping it, but when this is not the case they are usually civil and very obliging. The best way to get on good terms with them is to adopt the democratic French fashion of recognising that they are human beings. A "bon jour" in the morning, and "bon soir" in the evening count for a good deal, and in return they will willingly do various little things in the way of lady's-maiding or valeting which are not really part of their work. When they belong to the country, as many of them do, they are generally always disposed to like the English, and are almost childlike in the frankness with which, given the least encouragement, they show it. But you need not be alarmed, madam, if the chambermaid remarks that she loves your husband very much; it will only mean that she thinks him a good fellow. When you have to find fault with her do it

quickly and then let it be over ; they weep copiously after being scolded, and the next time they appear, eye you doubtfully, like dogs.



As to shopping. You, sir, cannot buy anything fit to be seen in, except possibly a hat ; for underneath, braces and cotton underclothing, which are French specialities. So we put you in the discard. You, madam, may with advantage replenish your wardrobe in Nice, except in stockings (contrary to a common belief, French stockings are dear and rubbishy). If you read what follows carefully, and persevere in well shopping, you may return home several months ahead of the fashions, and even—this between ourselves—make a trifle to set off against your expenses by selling at a profit the things you didn't really need but couldn't

refrain from buying because they were so just it.

In the shops which cater specially for the visitors, and small shops in side-streets, it is seldom necessary to pay the price asked. These shopkeepers are absolutely untrustworthy. If they show you something which is nearly, but not quite, what you want, with fluent assurances that the exact thing will be forthcoming in a day or two, don't believe them. Don't trust them in any way. If you cannot take your purchases with you, name an hour when you will be in, and say you will pay on delivery ; and before you do pay make sure that you have got what you bought. Otherwise you may be landed with two odd shoes, or something of that kind. (I know of a case in which that happened, and it was impossible to get any satisfaction.) In the departmental stores, and the larger shops in main streets which cater for the inhabitants, you need have no fear of such tricks, and as a rule the articles are price - ticketed. But it is never wise to put any reliance on assurances as to the kind or

quality of materials, size or fit, or the possibility of supplying what you want subsequently.

Insist on having a bill for anything you buy which is wholly or partly made of silk, or anything which looks like silk ; and if it is said not to be, have the material stated. This applies even to articles with silk linings, such as bags (a Riviera speciality). Keep the bills, and when you return to England have them ready, so that you can produce them to the customs officer if necessary. The duty is thirty-three per cent. *ad valorem*—in plain English, a third of the value—and the bills have a soothing effect. So, of course, has a pleasant smile. If you attempt to smuggle your purchases in, or don't tell the truth in reply to questions, and are found out, burst into tears and blame your husband.

(The other things which the British Customs are keen about are :—

Tobacco, cigars and cigarettes.
Spirits, liqueurs and wine.
Scent and toilet waters.
Lace and embroidery.
Clocks and watches.
Cameras.
Field and opera glasses.)

While I am engaged with you, madam, let me warn you that the hairdressers are a thieving lot, and that you need not pay more than frs. 10 for cutting, shampooing, waving or manicure (each, of course). This is the tariff at the best establishment in Monte Carlo. Monsieur should not pay more than frs. 5 for having his hair cut and frs. 3 for being shaved, these being the prices fixed by the Hairdressers' Union.

It is not worth while to buy anything to send home, tempting as are the little baskets of mandarin oranges with bits of leaf and blossom, to say nothing of the *marrons glacés*, nougat, *friandises*, and jellied fruits—all delicious when fresh. Volubly as the shopkeeper may assure you that they will arrive in a few days and in perfect condition, they almost certainly won't.

Every shop or bar with the sign "Tabac" does not stock imported brands of tobacco and cigarettes, or only a few of them; those which stock a fair assortment put up "Tabac de Luxe," or "Luxe - Tabac." In pipe-tobacco the list includes Dunhill's Virginia

and Standard Mixture, Wills' Three Castles, Capstan, Player's Navy Cut, and Craven Mixture. In cigarettes, Abdulla, State Express, Craven "A" and Black Cat, Grey's, Army Club, Osborne (the Royal size at frs. 10 for twenty are excellent value), Teofani, and various brands of Muratti's and Wills'. As to prices, they are fixed half-yearly according to the exchange, on a basis which brings them out about 20-25 per cent. more than in England. In high-class cigars the best value to my mind is the Half-a-Corona at frs. 6.50c., and of the cheaper varieties, *Campeone*, a very mild Italian cigar at frs. 2. The mildest of the French pipe-tobaccos is *Caporal doux* (*paquet vert*) at frs. 3.75c. for 40 grammes (1½ oz.); and of the cigarettes *Gitanes papier maïs*, at frs. 4 (twenty). Other popular brands with English people of an economical disposition are Sultan (Turkish) at frs. 5, Zerga (Algerian) at frs. 4.20c., Fashion (Virginian) at frs. 2 (ten), and Macedoine, an Italian brand, at frs. 5.40.

Don't bother about *permis de séjour*, as to which a ridiculous amount of fuss has been

made in the Press. When you settle into your hotel, a form will be given you to fill up. Nothing else is necessary for two months, and then if you take my advice you will refer the matter to the hotel manager. The only exception is at Monte Carlo ; if your hotel is in the principality—a few of the hotels are over the border, in France—the head porter will ask for your passport when you arrive, and if you stay longer than a fortnight you are supposed to go in person to the *Commissariat de Police* and ask for a *permis de séjour*, which will cost you 50c. I have never been able to find out what happens to persons who neglect this : it may be nothing.

Motorists who bring their own cars appear to be so well catered for by the R.A.C. and A.A. that I can tell them nothing, except that if they get ditched and there are any soldiers about, they need not look further for help ; and that if they take their cars to Nice for the Fête de St. Christophe, they can have them blessed free of charge in the Place St. Hélène, along with hundreds of others. If you don't bring your own car to France you can hire

one without a driver, in Nice or Cannes at any rate; no doubt the system will be extended. It is advisable to have an R.A.C. licence, as otherwise there are formalities to be gone through which take three or four days. (See Appendix.)

If you are returning after the middle of February, it is wise to book the necessary places in the train a fortnight before. This can be done at the station—*Bureau des Renseignements* in the larger stations — for the ordinary trains; and for *trains de luxe*, either at the local office of the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons Lits, or at a tourist agency.

With regard to tipping in hotels, as a rule ten per cent. is added to the bill. If not, the best way is to distribute it weekly.

CHAPTER XI

The Riviera in Summer

EVERY year more and more visitors come to the Riviera in summer. There is no drawback to a visit at any time between April and November, except the mosquitoes, which are no worse than in many parts of the south of England, though I confess that they are partial to fresh blood. It is tropically hot during the middle of the day in July and August, but the early mornings are perfect, and the evening hours generally pleasant ; I have felt the heat far more at night in England during hot spells than I have ever done on the Riviera. But the climate is far from bracing ; there is a good deal of close weather, when the clouds hang on the mountains ; and in May - June occasional visitations from the *sirocco*, the enervating south-west wind that

brings Sahara dust and deposits it in a fine layer over everything. Nevertheless, our summer visitors seem to enjoy themselves, and most of them profess the intention of coming again; some even become so enthusiastic that they buy land and build bungalows, as I hear Mr. Gilbert Frankau and Miss Lillah McCarthy have done lately. Certainly, when the summer is cold and wet at home, it may be worth while to undergo the discomfort of a long journey for the sake of the certainty of fine weather, of being able to luxuriate in a really warm sea and bask blissfully on the shingle for half the day, filling in the early morning and evening hours with tennis or a run in a motor-car or motor-boat, and dancing in the open air o' nights. These things are rendered all the more enjoyable by the absence of a crowd; when in Deauville or Dinard it is hardly possible to get a room, you will find a welcome and plenty of choice on the Riviera. Some of the best hotels are open in all the larger places, and in the smaller places west of Cannes more accommodation is available than in the

winter. Rates are about two-thirds of the winter rates, as a rule, and the temptations to spend money being limited, a holiday would cost less than in England if it were not for the railway fare.

If I were going to the Riviera between June and September, and wanted a quiet time, I should choose one of the smaller places between Hyères and Cannes, or St. Raphaël; but those who do not object to a relaxing climate might do much worse than Juan-les-Pins, which has the advantage of being close to Nice, where there are always some evening entertainments.

Of the other winter centres, Hyères, Nice, Beaulieu, and Menton are (from my point of view) too hot, and at none of them is the bathing really good. In May-June and September-November I should unhesitatingly choose Monte Carlo because of its comparative liveliness. The casino goes on all the year round; both the Hôtel de Paris and the Café de Paris are open, and the casino orchestra plays afternoons and evenings on the Terrace, so that in the centre of the life

of the place there is little difference. The tennis courts at La Festa are open as usual, and nine holes of the golf course at Mont Agel. The bathing is not very good, because there is no beach, and because the water is none too clean at Larvotto, the official bathing-place ; but the latter defect may be remedied when the new Country Club is open, for those who can afford the summer subscription.

There is one through train (*Calais-Méditerranée*) daily from May 15th to November 15th, and in this all baggage is examined *en route* (in the train). Next best is the eleven a.m. from Victoria (first and second class). But by this or any other train (except the *Calais-Méditerranée*) it is necessary to be careful as to where the Customs examination takes place. Avoid having it at Marseilles if you can, because there the luggage is turned out of the train in which you are travelling and carried about a quarter of a mile away, whither you have to follow it ; before the examination is concluded your train has left as a rule,

which means that you have to spend most of the day at Marseilles (rather hotter than the pit of Tophet in July–August) and don't get to your destination till night.

(NOTE.—When coming to Monte Carlo one can secure the examination being at Calais—where there is usually plenty of time—by registering to Monaco; this comes to the same thing on arrival, no part of Monte Carlo being more than fifteen minutes' drive from Monaco station.)

Don't trust the time-tables as to there being a restaurant-car on any train southward from Paris (except the *Calais-Méditerranée*); bring a tea-basket with you and be prepared to grab things from the buffets at the Gare de Lyon and at Marseilles, or you may go foodless.

Appendix

THE hotels listed are chiefly those which quote a minimum price not over frs. 100 (see Chapter X.), the price being indicated in brackets. There are, of course, many others, and as to boarding-houses, comparatively few of them quote.

Except for some special reason, I have not listed hotels among the restaurants, because it goes without saying that a meal can always be obtained, and all but the very expensive put up a menu outside ; similarly in regard to the *luxe* hotels and dancing—it may be taken for granted.

The figures in brackets following the names of restaurants represent the fixed price for lunch, or lunch and dinner (see Chapter VI.). Occasionally I have mentioned specialities.

The Hôtel des Postes among the addresses is, of course, the General Post Office ; hotels similarly called are always *de la Poste*.

HYÈRES.

About 25 hours from London. From Toulon about 50 minutes.

Hotels.

The Costebelle Hotels (three, large) under the personal management of the proprietor, have a long-established reputation for all-round excellence. The situation is ideal.

IN THE TOWN.

Chateaubriand, Grimm's Park, Iles d'Or (60-80). *Continental, Metropole, Ambassadeurs* (45). *Du Casino, Des Etrangers, Hesperides, Paris, De La Poste, Suisse, Beau-Sejour* (35-40).

The *Golf Hotel* is some distance off; admirably situated.

OTHER HOTELS AT COSTEBELLE.

Mimosas, Montclair (35-40), *Esperance*.

Among the Boarding Houses, which are numerous, the *Pension Mireille* and *La Roseraie*, both in the town, have been recommended to me.

BATHING.—At Almanarre (motor-bus).

MORNING WALK.—Up through the Old Town, out by the Porte de la Souquette, left, then right, to the Hill of La Potence.

APERITIF.—*Maison Dorée*, Av. Gambetta.

RESTAURANTS.—*Maison Dorée* (18). *Marquis*, same street and price (Vin de la Croix). *Castel-Pomponia* at Almanarre.

TEA ROOMS.—*Victoria*, Av. des Iles d'Or. *Restaurant de l'Avenue*.

COCKTAILS.—*Grimm's Bar*, Av. de Belgique.

GOLF.—*The Hyères Club* (in connection with the *Golf Hotel*). November 10th–May 30th. 18 holes, 5,200 yards. Flat and open. Day, frs. 40 ; week, frs. 170 ; month, frs. 375-400 ; season, frs. 700.

The Costebelle Club (in connection with *The Costebelle Hotels*). October 20th–May 1st. 18 holes. 4,805 yards. Part flat, part undulated. Close to the sea. Rates about the same.

TENNIS.—4 courts at the *Golf Hotel*. Week, frs. 85 ; month, frs. 175 ; season, frs. 350.

5 courts at the *Costebelle Hotels*. Rates about the same.

CROQUET.—6 lawns at the *Golf Hotel*. The rates are the same as for Tennis.

8 lawns at the *Costebelle Hotels*.

BOWLING.—At the *Golf Hotel*. Frs. 150 for the season.

SQUASH RACKETS.—At the *Costebelle Hotels*.

The charges given above apply to visitors who are *not* staying at the hotels to which the clubs belong : those who are pay less.

Tennis courts are also being constructed in the town. Apply to M. SAMARAN, Société Régionale, 23 Av. des Iles d'Or.

CASINO.—Bd. St. Antoine. Day, frs. 5 ; week, frs. 30 ; month, frs. 50. ; season, frs. 150. Theatre and cinema. Dance teas. Suppers. Galas on Saturdays.

Special Entertainments.

Carnival Processions.

Battles of Flowers.

Art Exhibition.

Motor Trials.

Horse Racing at Easter.

SHORT EXCURSIONS.—Giens. Ile de Porquerolles. Solliès (lunch at the *Maurin des Maures*).

AUTO-CAR EXCURSIONS.—Valley of the Gapeau to Montrieux and on to St. Maximin. The “Circuit des Maures.”

Useful Notes.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—In the Casino building.

BRITISH BANKS.—The English Bank (R. J. Corbett and Co.), Place des Palmiers. Crawford's Bank, Avenue des Iles d'Or.

HOTEL DES POSTES.—4 Av. de Belgique.

AUTO-CARS AND AUTO-MAILS.—Bureau P.L.M., 1 Av. Gambetta.

ENGLISH CHEMISTS.—Coulet, Av. Alphonse-Denis. Pustel, Av. des Iles d'Or.

BRITISH VICE-CONSUL.—Mr. Jesse Hook, at the English Bank. 10-12 and 2-4.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.—At both the British Banks.

ENGLISH DOCTOR.—W. P. Biden, 2 Av. de la Victoire.

ENGLISH CHURCH.—Av. Godillot. 10.30. Also one at Costebelle.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—South side of the Casino grounds. 10.15

TURKISH BATH.—Hammam, Boul. Carnot.

LUXE-TABAC.—4 Av. Iles d'Or.

BORMES.

45 minutes from Hyères (Chemin de Fer de Provence).

An old town among woods, two miles from the sea. Mild climate (similar to Hyères).

One hotel, the *Belle Vue*, and a pension, the *Beau-Site*.

LE LAVANDOU.

One hour from Hyères on the same line. On the sea. A good beach. Woods.

Hotels.

Aiguebelle (40). *Iles d'Or, Grand* (30-35). *Méditerranée, Monte-Carlo, Terminus* (20-25).

PENSIONS. — *Villa Louise, Les Hirondelles, Le Mimosas*.

CAVALAIRE.

Two hours from Hyères on the same line. A fine beach. Pine woods.

Hotels.

Surmer (60), quite a good restaurant. *Grand, Lido, Normandy* (45). *De La Plage, Des Bains* (40). *De Cavalaire* (30).

PENSIONS.—*Beauséjour* (45). *Martel* (30).

At La Croix, a mile-and-a-half inland and 3-400 ft. above sea-level: *Kensington, Grand* (50).

At Pardigon, half-a-mile from the sea, *De Pardigon* (45).

NOTE.— This place must not be confused with *Cavalière*, a hamlet near Le Lavandou, which has a halt on the line.

ST. TROPEZ.

3 hours 20 minutes from Hyères and 2 hours 35 minutes from St. Raphaël by the same line.

(See Chapter II.) The old town is very picturesque, and the surroundings charming.

Hotels.

Sube, De La Plage, Coste (35). *Sporting Club, Méditerranée* (30). *Augier, Fernand* (25).

The Local Fetes ("Les Bravades"), May 16th-18th, date back about 400 years, and have retained more of the Provençal character than most of these affairs.

ST. MAXIME.

About 1 hour from St. Raphaël, on the same line.
(See Chapter II.).

CASINO.—Open December 15th–May 1st and July 1st–September 15th. Entrance frs. 3. Restaurant (20).

The Bathing Establishment is commodious and well fitted up.

Hotels.

Grand Hotel Beauvallon (100), *Grand, Mimosas, Commerce* (35), *Splendid* (30). *Terminus, Du Midi* (20).

PENSION.—*Charles* (25).

MEUBLE.—*De La Plage*.

RESTAURANTS.—*Hermitage* (18); *pâté de gibier. Miramar* (same price).

ST. RAPHAËL.

About 23½ hours from London. 1 hour from Cannes.
(See Chapter II.)

Hotels and Boarding Houses.

Beau Rivage, Continental, De La Plage (60). *Grand, Du Parc* (50). *Des Myrtes, Hermitage, Algues, Villa Lafayette, Villa Joyeuse, Les Orangers, Villa Alice* (40). *Central, Moderne, Select* (35). *Touring, Azur* (30).

MEUBLES.—*Excelsior, Terminus, Nouvel*.

AT VALESCURE.

Du Golf (80). *Coirier* (70). *Des Anglais* (50).

BATHING.—Next to the *Réserve Restaurant*.

MORNING WALK.—Along the front to the Santa Lucia park ; may be prolonged to Bouloris and back by the upper road.

APERITIF.—*Café des Bains*.

RESTAURANTS.—*Casino, Réserve* (25). *The Rabbit Bar* (steaks).

TEA ROOMS.—*Taylor's*, rue Charles-Gounod. *Court*, rue Jules-Barbier.

DANCE-TEA.—*Casino*.

COCKTAIL.—*Rabbit Bar* (*Rabbit* cocktail, very dry, frs. 6).

DANCE-DINNER.—*Casino* (30). *Hotel Beau-Rivage*.

GOLF.—At Valescure, in connection with the *Golf Hotel*. 3 miles. Motor-bus from the station yard. Day, frs. 30 ; week, frs. 130 ; month, frs. 330 ; season, (December 1st–April 30th), frs. 600. 18 holes. 4,950 yards. Bogey 74. A hill course. Restaurant at the Dormy House, and 16 bedrooms. Board.

TENNIS.—6 courts at the *Golf Club*. Day, frs. 20 ; week, frs. 70 ; month, frs. 200 ; season, frs. 450.

4 courts at the St. Raphaël L.T.C., Av. des Chevre-feuilles. Week, frs. 50 ; month, frs. 75 ; season, frs. 375. Apply to W. F. King (see below).

SHORT EXCURSIONS.—Fréjus (ruins of a Roman arena, aqueduct, etc.). Mont Vinaigre.

AUTO-CAR EXCURSIONS.—Cannes, via Fréjus and les Adrets, return by the coast road ("Corniche d'Or."). The "Circuit des Maures."

CASINO.—December 15th–April 15th. Day, frs. 2.50c. ; week, frs. 10 ; month, frs. 30 ; season, frs. 80. Also open July 20th–September 20th (frs. 50). Sliding roof. Luminous dancing-floor. American bar. Theatre. Pleasant little Cinema. Gala dinners Tuesdays and Fridays (40–50).

Special Entertainments.

Battle of Flowers.

Venetian Fête.

Fair.

Tennis tournaments, February and early April.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—In the station square.

BRITISH BANK.—W. F. King, rue Charles Gounod.

HOTEL DES POSTES.—Rue Charles Gounod.

AUTO-CARS.—W. F. King. Bruère Meynard, Garage des Bains.

ENGLISH CHEMIST.—Daumas, 3 rue Charles Gounod.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—Papeterie Parisienne, rue Charles Gounod.

ENGLISH CHURCH.—St. John's, Av. des Chevre-feuilles. All Saints, at Valescure.

AGAY.

15-20 minutes from St. Raphaël, on the main line.
30-40 minutes from Cannes.
(See Chapter II.)

Hotels.

Roches Rouges (50). *Camp Long, Du Littoral* (35).
Rastel (25).

LE TRAYAS.

About 30 minutes from either St. Raphaël or Cannes.
(See Chapter II.)

Hotels.

Esterel (60). *Reserve* (50). *Gare, Lou Roucas* (40).

THEOULE.

20 minutes from Cannes by rail, 35 by motor-bus.
Breezier than Agay or Le Trayas. Beach. Specially
good fishing. Its summer claim is that there are no
mosquitoes.

Four or five hotels.

LA NAPOULE,

15 minutes from Cannes by rail and 30 by motor-bus.
Several hotels.

CANNES.

24 hours from London. 45 minutes from St. Raphaël or Nice by the faster trains. From Nice by Auto-Mail, 1½ hours (frs. 15).

Hotels.

On or just off the front: *Edouard VII.*, *Suisse* (100). *Royal* (80). *Augusta* (50). *De La Croisette* (45). *Londres* (40). *Pavillon Royal*, *De La Poste*, meublés.

The parts of the town specially referred to in Chapter II. are :—

Route de Fréjus and Quartier du Riou: *Pavillon* (90). *Canisy*, *Belle Plage* (50). *Château La Tour*, *Château St. Georges*, *Orangers* (45). *Square* (40). *Soleil d'Azur* (35).

Colline de la Croix: *Excelsior* (70). *Neva* (50).

Quartier du Petit Juas: *Campestra* (80). *Ermitage*, *Volubilis* (35).

Quartier St. Nicolas: *Alsace - Lorraine* (recommended). *Bristol* (80). *Castelflor* (50). *Lycklama* (30).

Quartier La Peyrière : *St. Paul* (60). *Belvedere* (35). Farther on, the Pension *La Garde* (45).

Quartier Montfleury : *Geneve, Richelieu* (50). *St. Dixier* (45). *Petit Paradis* (30).

Quartier Les Gabres : *Beau-Sejour* (80). *Windsor* (70). *St. Charles* (65).

MEUBLES.—*Cavendish*, Bd. Carnot, the smartest on the Riviera. Double room with bathroom, frs. 60–80. Close to station, *Univers, Touring*, and half-a-dozen commercial hotels.

At Le Cannet (tram, 15 minutes) : *Grande-Bretagne* (90). *Astoria* (60). *Des Anges, Roches Blanches* (50). *Heliotrope* (45). *Pension Rachel* (38).

BATHING.—Bains de la Croisette, opposite the *Carlton*. Aux Flots Bleus, Promenade du Midi.

APERITIF.—*Achino's*, in the Galeries Fleuries. Open in summer.

RESTAURANTS.—First Division : *Ambassadeurs* (35). *Armenonville. Réserve de la Croisette*.

Second Division : *Café de Paris* (30). *Rotisserie de la Reine Pedauque*, Galeries Fleuries. *Relais*, rue des Serbes ; quaintly fitted up in the style of a Provençal tavern ; *fritto misto*. *Oustalet*, rue St. Honoré (similar ; mixed grills). *La Cigogne*, rue des Belges (Alsatian dishes and Strasbourg beer). *Robert's*, rue des Serbes (poky but good cooking).

Third Division : *Select*, Bd. Lorraine (wine included ; recommended) ; *Coq d'Or*, rue des Serbes ; *Chez Guy*, rue Maréchal-Pétain ; all (12).

MILK-COFFEE.—*Marret*, Place des Iles.

TEA ROOMS.—*London House*, Square Merimée (the best tea rooms on the Riviera ; crumpets). *Achino's*.

DANCE-TEAS.—*Casino Hall* (5). *Ambassadeurs* (15-25). *Armenonville*. *La Gondola*, in the Sporting building (15). *Aux Flots Bleus*.

COCKTAILS.—*Rendezvous*, rue Bivouac-Napoléon.

DANCE - DINNERS. — For exhibition dances : *Ambassadeurs*, *Armenonville*, *Hôtel Majestic*. To dance : *Carlton*.

CABARETS.—*La Gondola*, *Casanova*.

DANCINGS.—*Monico*, rue Maréchal-Pétain. *Aux Flots Bleus*.

TENNIS.—Clubs open to all visitors : *Cannes L.T.C.*, 17 courts ; *New Courts L.T.C.*, 11 courts ; *Carlton L.T.C.*, 8 courts ; *Métropole L.T.C.*, 6 courts ; *Tennis Carnot*, 4 courts.

(NOTE.—The *Carlton L.T.C.*, though connected with the Hotel, belongs to the Burke family.)

Clubs more or less confined to guests at the hotels to which they belong : *Beau-Site L.T.C.*, 7 courts ; *Provence L.T.C.*, 6 courts ; *Californie L.T.C.*, 6 courts ; *Gallia L.T.C.*, 5 courts.

GOLF.—(1) *Cannes Golf Club*, at Mandelieu. 5 miles. Motor-bus from the *Hôtel de Ville*. A car costs

frs. 60-100. November 15th-April 30th. Two courses : 18 holes, 6,038 yards, Bogey 80 ; 9 holes, 2,600 yards. Flat, alluvial soil, river, good lies. Season, frs. 650 ; month, frs. 350 ; week, frs. 150 ; day, frs. 30. The issue of tickets for short periods is usually suspended after January 1st.

(2) *The Country Club*, Mougins. 4-5 miles beyond Le Cannet (about 500 feet above sea-level). 18 holes, 6,063 yards, Bogey 69. Open November-April. Associate-members pay frs. 1,000 for the season, and can invite one guest per day at a green-fee of frs. 100.

POLO.—At Mandelieu. Tram or motor-bus from the *Hôtel de Ville*. Usually at 3, and frs. 20 for entrance.

SHORT EXCURSIONS. — Iles St. Marguérite (see Chapter III.) and St. Honorat. From the harbour front (Casino end), at 10, 11 and 2. Return for lunch, or about 4. Luncheon on Ste. Marguérite at the *Masque de Fer* (22) ; tell them when you land.

Miramar, in the Esterel : luncheon at the *Pomme de Pin*.

AUTO-CAR EXCURSIONS.—See under St. Raphaël and Nice.

CASINO.—Admission to the hall for concerts, etc. (see Chapter VII.) : day, frs. 5 ; season, frs. 150. Including admission to the Salles de Jeu : week, frs. 50 ; month, frs. 150 ; season, frs. 500. Open December 15th-April 15th. Musical performances every afternoon at 3.30 — Vocal and instrumental concerts, selections from operas in costume, ballets, etc. Classical concerts on Fridays. Dramatic or

operatic performances on most evenings in the theatre, and matinées on Sundays (occasionally on other days).

CASINO D'ETE (provisionally in the Cercle Nautique on the Croisette). May 1st–October 30th.

THEATRE.—*Sporting*, in the rue des Belges. Comedy, revue and varieties. This also has a gaming-licence, and there are Baccara and Boule Rooms.

Special Entertainments.

Carnival Processions.

Battles of Flowers.

Venetian Fête, about the end of February.

Concours des Enfants—an exhibition of competitive games and dancing by children on the Plage du Midi. Charming to watch.

Motor Show and Trials.

Fancy Dress Balls at the Cercle Nautique.

Yacht Racing.

Flower Show, just before Easter. Illuminations and fireworks.

International Football Match, at Easter.

Fête Nautique, at Easter.

Horse-Racing, on the flat, over the sticks, and trotting. Two meetings: (1) last week in January and first fortnight in February; (2) early March. The principal events are on Sundays.

Provençal Fête at Le Cannet, first Sunday in April. Country costumes.

Tennis Tournaments.

Mid-December, at the *Carlton L.T.C.*

About the end of December, at the *Beau-Site L.T.C.*

Second week in January, at the *New Courts L.T.C.*

Third week in January, at the *Gallia L.T.C.*

Last week in January, at the *Métropole L.T.C.*

Second week in February, at the *Carlton L.T.C.*

Third week in March, at the *Cannes L.T.C.*
(Championship of the Riviera).

Last week in March, at the *Beau-Site L.T.C.* (Cannes Championship).

LOCAL ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.—*La Saison de Cannes*, Saturdays, frs. 2.50c.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—In the Hôtel de Ville.

BRITISH BANKS.—Barclays, 7 rue Maréchal Foch.
Lloyd's National Provincial, 2 Place des Iles.

HOTEL DES POSTES.—Rue Bivouac Napoléon.

COOK'S.—3 rue Maréchal-Foch.

AUTO-CARS AND AUTO-MAILS.—Auto-Riviera cars may be picked up in front of the Casino. Bureau P.L.M., 4 La Croisette. Brighton Agency, 5 Square Merimée.

ENGLISH CHEMIST.—British Pharmacy, 5 rue Félix-Faure. Ginner and Co., 40 rue d'Antibes.

BRITISH VICE-CONSUL.—Mr. J. G. Taylor, 7 rue Maréchal-Foch. 10-12 and 2-4.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY. — The Lounge, rue des Etats-Unis.

ENGLISH DOCTOR.—Dr. R. Browne Carthew, Hôtel Wagram.

ENGLISH CHURCHES.—St. Paul's, Bd. d'Italie. 11. Christ Church, Route de Fréjus. 10.30.

SCOTTISH CHURCH.—1 Route de Grasse. 10.30.

MOTOR-CARS (for hire without chauffeur).—E.R.V.A., 125 rue d'Antibes. Mora, 2 rue Georges-Clemenceau. Garage Lafayette, 4 Route d'Antibes. (See under Nice.)

TABAC-LUXE.—Rue Bivouac Napoléon. Rue Félix Faure.

GOLFE JUAN.

10 minutes from Cannes and 40 from Nice by train. Rain vanishes quickly owing to the porous soil. Milder climate than Cannes. Naval anchorage.

Several hotels and pensions (30-35).

JUAN-LES-PINS.

15-20 minutes from Cannes and 40-50 from Nice by train.

(See Chapter II.)

Hotels.

Grand, Welcome (50). *Graziella, Miramar, Splendid, Windsor* (40). *Alexandra, La Plage* (35). *Reserve* (35).

PENSIONS.—*Alba, Azurea, Beau - Sejour, Magali, Mimosas, Montout, La Roseraie* (35). *Aiguilly, Hermitage, Louise, Petit Paradis* (30). *Henri Quatre, Les Palmiers* (25).

BATHING.—Casino.

MORNING WALK.—Round the cape.

APERITIF.—*Café de Paris*, Av. Amiral-Courbet.
At Antibes, *Café Glacier*.

RESTAURANTS.—*La Fregate* (Casino) (25). *Jack*,
opposite the Pinède. *Brasserie Chazel*, Av. de la Gare.
At Antibes, *Français*, rue James-Close.

TEA ROOMS.—*Martin*, opposite Casino. *English Tea Room*, Av. de la Gare. On the cape, *Pavillon Eden-Roc*.

COCKTAIL.—*Frederic's Bar*.

DANCE-DINNERS, CABARET.—*Auberge Du Pin Doré*.

GOLF.—At St. Véran (Cagnes-sur-Mer). See under Nice. Tram, about 20 minutes.

TENNIS.—*Juan-les-Pins L.T.C.*, route des Sables.
4 courts.

CASINO.—Moderate charges for admission. Theatre.
Cinema. Gala dinners, etc. Open in summer.

SHORT EXCURSIONS.—St. Paul, and Vence, both by tram. See under Nice.

AUTO-CAR EXCURSIONS.—See under Nice.

Special Entertainments.

Battles of Flowers in February and about Easter.
Venetian Fête, Illuminations, etc., about Easter.

Yacht Racing.

Creditable efforts are being made to enliven the summer season by similar fêtes (July-September).

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—Station square.

HOTEL DES POSTES.—Av. de l'Esterel.

AUTO-CARS.—Guttin, opposite Casino.

AUTO-MAILS.—Brighton Agency, opposite Casino.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—The English Library, Av. Vilmorin.

LUXE-TABAC.—Buonfils, Av. de la Gare.

CAGNES.

About 30 minutes from either Cannes or Nice by train.

A more bracing climate than Juan-les-Pins.

About 10 hotels (35-20).

Quite a good excursion centre for short excursions by train, tram and motor-bus.

(NOTE.—The pronunciation of the name of this place on English lips is apt to lead to confusion with Cannes. Cagnes is Kan-*yer*, making the first syllable soft and cutting the second very short. Cannes is simply Kann, with the nn sound crisply distinct.)

NICE.

25 hours from London. 45 minutes from Monte Carlo by train or Auto-Mail (frs. 10).

TAXIS.—At the station and in the Place Masséna. The fares are too low—from fr. 1.50c. (3d. !)—and consequently the chauffeurs don't put the flag down. Insist on it before starting. They are entitled to

25 per cent. more than is shown, and a tip of another 10 per cent. or so is usual.

THE TRAMWAY CENTRE is the Place Masséna (except for Cimiez : Rue Hôtel des Postes).

Hotels.

ON THE PROMENADE.

Westminster (100). *Méditerranée* (90). *Polonia* (70). *Petrograd* (60). *Princes* (45).

PLACE MASSENA AND JARDIN ALBERT I.

Angleterre (80).

MEUBLES.—*Du Cercle, Claridge's, Volnay.*

QUARTIER DU BOULEVARD VICTOR-HUGO.

(Central but fairly quiet.)

O'Connor (90). *Scribe* (100). *Astoria, Des Palmiers, Splendid* (75). *Atlantic, Queen's, Busby, Windsor* (60–65). *Ariane, Edward's Palace, Berlioz, St. George's, Baie des Anges, Excelsior, Richmond* (45–50). *Concordia, Côte d'Azur, Gounod, Lisbonne, Du Louvre, Trianon, Weyh, Londres, St. Ermin's, Interlaken* (35–40). *Français, Des Nations, Castille* (25–30).

MEUBLES close to the Station.—*London, Madrid, St. Louis, Trocadero, Frank, St. Gothard, Serraire, Normandy, Ostende, Durante, Lorraine.*

QUARTIER BD. DUBOUCHAGE.

(Central but fairly quiet.)

De Nice, De La Paix (70–80). *Des Empereurs* (65). *Albion, Alexandra, Langham, Luxor, De Paris, Prince*

de Galles, Beaulieu, Suede, d'Europe (45-50). *Bristol, Central* (30-35).

MEUBLES.—*Les Camélias* (recommended), *Vendôme, Crillon, Rivoli, Mulhouse, De La Poste, Lepante, Midland, New York, Villa Georges, Raimbaldi, Amirauté, Richelieu, Sibill's, Strasbourg.*

BOULEVARD DE CIMIEZ.

Winter Palace (100). *Hermitage, Regina* (80-85). *Alhambra* (60).

PENSIONS.—*Viennoise, British* (35-40).

WEEKLY PAPER.—*The Côte d'Azur*. Saturdays. FRS. 4.

BATHING. — *Opera Plage, Quai des Etats - Unis. Grande Bleue*, beyond the *Negresco*.

APERITIF.—*Savoy Café*, next to the *Ruhl. Negresco Plage*, opposite the hotel.

RESTAURANTS.—First Division: *Negresco. Ruhl. Réserve*, on the point beyond the harbour (especially for luncheon; fish; car from opposite *Maxim's*). *Hôtel Miramar*, on *Mont Boron*, car from the *Place Masséna* (end of the *Av. de Verdun*). For dinner, *Maxim's, Le Perroquet*, facing the gardens, *Place Masséna*.

Second Division: For a French style luncheon: *Municipal Casino* (35). *Français*, *rue Gioffredo. Ambassadeurs* (*Savoy Hotel*). *Regence Royale* (*Av. de la Victoire*). For fish specialities (in the open): *La Pergola, Bregailon Nicois* (*Bouillabaisse*), *Faverio*

(Oysters). *Aux Colonies* (18): all at the eastern end of the Promenade. Grills: *Queen's Silver*, Av. Victor-Hugo. *Caressa*, rue Maréchal-Pétain. Tavernes (Alsatian dishes and Strasbourg beer, cold meat—*assiette anglaise*, frs. 5): *Cigognes d'Alsace*, *Brasserie Excelsior*, *Carillon*, all in the rue Gioffredo: *Taverne Alsacienne*, 42 rue Hôtel des Postes: *Renaissance*, 3 rue Alsace-Lorraine (genuine Pilsener).

Third Division: *Auguste*, 16 rue Emma (16); omelettes. *Bœuf à la Mode*, 1 rue Paul Déroulède. *Chapon Fin*, Bd. Rambaldi (recommended): *d'Italie*, 9 rue Paul Déroulède; *Taverne Gothique*, rue d'Italie; all (10). For real Niçois cooking: *Bottau*, 1 rue Colonna d'Istria in the Old Town.

TEA ROOMS.—*Scotch Tea House*, Jardin Albert Premier. *Vogade*, under the arcade on the west side of the Place Masséna (French pastry). *Marquise de Sévigné*, 16 Av. de Verdun. *Irish House*, 15 rue de France. *Napolitain*, 25 Av. de la Victoire (ices).

DANCE-TEAS.—For the entertainment: *Negresco*, *Ruhl*, *Le Perroquet*, *Hotel Miramar* (see above). To dance: *Hotel Majestic*, Bd. de Cimiez, *Casino Municipal* (12), *Imperator*, 39 Promenade des Anglais (underground). Cheaper, *Casino de la Jetée*.

COCKTAILS.—*Vogade* (see under Tea Rooms). *Cintra*, almost next door.

DANCE-DINNERS as for Teas, less the last two and plus *Maxim's*.

CABARETS.—*Maisonette des Comédiens Russes*, rue St. François-de-Paule (dinner, 9 p.m.). *Maxim's*. *Le Perroquet*. *Kasbek*, 16 rue Dalpozzo. *Imperator*. *Chat Noir* (see page 58).

DANCINGS (numerous).—*Aly*, *La Féria*, *Jardin de Ma Sœur*, and the *Brasserie Excelsior* (cheaper), are all in the rue St. Michel (Pl. Masséna).

GOLF.—At Cagnes-sur-Mer, 7 miles. Train 20 minutes. Tram 40 minutes (at the hour), and motor-bus (25 minutes) from the Place Masséna. Day, frs. 30 ; months, frs. 250 ; season, frs. 500. 18 holes. 5,800 yards. Seaside, on the flat.

TENNIS.—*Nice L.T.C.*, Parc Impérial. Trams 4, 5, 6, 7 or 8. Month, frs. 250 ; season, frs. 500, plus tax (10 per cent.). 21 courts. Dance-Tea.

CASINO MUNICIPAL.—Place Masséna, old-fashioned but roomy. Entertainments in the hall every afternoon and evening. Theatre (frs. 8–12). Cinema. Admission from frs. 2 (day: hall), to frs. 200 for the season (December–April) including the Salles de Jeux.

CASINO DE LA JETEE.—On the Promenade, is cheaper.

MUNICIPAL OPERA.—Rue François-de-Paule (frs. 10–40).

THEATRES.—*Eldorado*, 29 rue Pastorelli. *Variétés*, 5 Bd. Victor-Hugo. *Nouveau*, 2 rue St. Michel. All central. *Renaissance* (bright shows occasionally), 54 rue de la République. *Théâtre Guignol*, opposite the Gare du Sud.

CINEMA.—*Rialto*, rue de Rivoli (side of the Negresco) is clean, comparatively airy, and comfortable.

Special Entertainments.

Carnival Processions, Illuminations, Battles of Flowers, Fancy-Dress Balls, etc., in the fortnight preceding Ash Wednesday.

Battles of Flowers early in Lent and Mid-Lent (*Mi-Carême*).

Tennis Tournaments, first week in January, second week in Feb. (Championships), second week in March.

Race Meetings : steeplechasing, on the flat, and trotting. Spread over January and March.

International Horse Show. April.

Motor Show. January.

Dog Show. March.

SHORT EXCURSIONS.—Vence, and St. Paul (lunch at the hotel on the left), both interesting old towns; Grasse; tram. Falicon (tram to Cimiez terminus and walk, return by the Gorge de St. André and tram).

AUTO-CAR EXCURSIONS.—Among the best are: Menton by the Grande Corniche and return by the Corniche Inférieure. Gorge de Loup. Gorges du Cians and De Daluis. Tenda. St. Martin-Vesubie.

NOTE.—There are winter sports (ski-ing, etc.) at Peira-Cava, which can also be reached by these cars.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—Avenue de Verdun, rue Paradis.

HOTEL DES POSTES.—Place Wilson.

BOOKSELLER.—Paraf ("Le Coin de Nice"), at the corner of the rue Honoré-Sauvan and the rue Maccarani (for English and American books).

BRITISH BANKS.—Barclay's, 7 Promenade des Anglais. Lloyd's National Provincial, 7 Jardin Albert Premier.

BRITISH CONSUL.—Mr. J. Wiseman Keogh : Vice-Consul, Mr. C. J. Beale. 95 rue de France. 10-12, and 2.30-4.30 except Saturdays.

U.S. CONSUL.—52, Bd. Victor-Hugo. 9-12.

COOK'S.—13 Promenade des Anglais.

AUTO-CARS AND AUTO-MAILS.—Auto-Riviera, 12 Av. de Verdun. Brighton, 32 rue Hôtel des Postes. Melchior, Av. Félix-Faure.

ENGLISH CHEMISTS.—Riviera Pharmacy, no. 68, and Mercier, no. 16, Avenue de la Victoire.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.—Lounge, 16 rue Maréchal-Joffre. Universal, 1 rue Croix-de-Marbre.

ENGLISH CHURCH.—12 Place Alziary-de-Malausséna.

AMERICAN CHURCH.—21 Bd. Victor-Hugo.

MOTOR-CARS without chauffeur.—Bristol, 17bis, Av. de la Victoire (in the Passage). Day frs. 250 ; week frs. 1,200, etc. ; and pay your petrol (insurance is included), E.R.V.A., 71 Bd. Gambetta. S.A.V.A., 2 rue du Congrès. Auber, 29 rue Verdi.

TABAC-LUXE.—No. 11, and no. 28, Av. de la Victoire.

TURKISH BATH.—21 rue de Buffa.

VILLEFRANCHE.

10 minutes by train and 30 by tram from Nice. 30 min. by train and 1 hour by tram from Monte Carlo. The railway station is inconveniently situated. Old town most picturesque (and clean). Naval anchorage.

Hotels and Boarding Houses.

Welcome (on the sea-level), *Réserve*, *Regence*, *St. Donat*, *Bananiers* (30). *Freddy*, *Ker Maria*, *Family House* (25).

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—*Pavillon de l'Octroi* (where you get off the tram).

Naval Battle of Flowers, usually in March.

ST. JEAN-CAP FERRAT.

About 50 minutes by tram from Nice. Station, Beaulieu.

(See Chapter II.)

Hotels.

Parc (under the management of its English proprietor). *Grand Hotel du Cap Ferrat* (dance-teas).

PENSIONS.—*Gypta*, *La Mascotte*, *Mon Loisir*.

HOTELS AT PONT ST. JEAN.—*Mont-Fleuri*, *Suisse*.

RESTAURANTS.—*Namouna* (luncheon frs. 50-60 in all ; eels). *A La Vraie Bouillabaisse* (cheaper). At Pont-St.-Jean : *Réserve de St. Jean*.

BEAULIEU.

15 minutes by train and 50 by tram from Nice.
30 minutes by train and 40 by tram from Monte Carlo.

(See Chapter II.)

Hotels.

Bristol (about 80). *Des Anglais, Beaulieu, Beau-Sejour, Bedford, Bond's, Empress, Hermitage, Londres, Metropole, Royal, Victoria* (from 40).

PENSIONS.—*Hermosa* (recommended), *Alpes, Bellevue, France, Fresia, Marcellin, De Londres, Printania, Flora, Le Reve, Primerose, Henri Quatre* (from 25).

RESTAURANTS. — First Division : *Réserve de Beaulieu*. Cheaper : *Berlugana, Kid's Auguste, Bellevue, Caramello, Réserve Royal, Réserve de St. Jean*.

Tennis Tournament in February. The courts belong to the Hôtel Bristol.

ENGLISH CHURCH.—*Ravin de la Murta*. 10.45.

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EZE.

30 minutes from Nice or Monte Carlo by train.
35 minutes from Monte Carlo and 1 hour from Nice by tram.

Lovely bay, but nowhere to walk without climbing. The old town, which clings to the summit of a peak about 1,000 feet high, is most picturesque seen from below or from the *Moyenne Corniche*.

Hotels.

At the station : *Terminus*. There are two small ones at the foot of the old town, and a restaurant (*Bellevue*).

CAP D'AIL.

20 minutes from Monte Carlo by train or motor-bus. The station is inconveniently situated.

(See Chapter II.)

Hotels.

Eden (luxe). *Soleil, Cap-Fleuri, Laurens*, (30-40).

PENSION.—*Villa Marie-Louise*.

MONTE CARLO,

About 25½ hours from London. See Nice and Menton. Funicular railway to La Turbie: the station is in the Boulevard Princesse-Antoinette.

Hotels.

MONTE CARLO PROPER.

(See Chapter II.)

Grand, Victoria, Prince de Galles, Windsor, Royal, Mirabeau, all quietly situated; *Helder, Beau-Rivage* (trams; the latter stands low): (90-100). *Balmoral, Gallia*, (quietly situated); *Albion, Louvre, Masséna, Regina, Savoy, Monte Carlo Palace* (one of the most comfortable hotels on the Riviera), and *Alexandra*, all on the tram-route: (70-80). *Des Princes* (low); *Splendid* (high); *Terminus* (close to station): (60). *Colonies*, quiet situation; *Pistonatto*, on the sea: (50). *Crystal Palace, Sun Palace* (trams); *Ravel* (quiet situation); *Berne, Gourmets, National*, all on the sea-level but behind the railway embankment: (35-40).

MEUBLES.—*Des Palmiers, Russie*, both recommended. *Byron*, stands well. *Buckingham, Richmond, Villa Louis*.

All the above hotels are within 10 minutes' walk of the Casino.

IN THE CONDAMINE.

(See Chapter II.)

Facing the harbour: *Bristol* (100). *Renaissance, Monégasque* (55).

Condamine, Etrangers, Beau-Séjour (60-65). *Paix, Atlantic* (recommended) (50-55). *Angleterre, Central, Marseille, Milan, Riva*, all quietly situated; *Négociants, Nice, Siècle*, close to Monaco station (trams); (35-45).

IN BEAUSOLEIL (FRENCH TERRITORY).

Luxe: *Riviera Palace*, high up, magnificent view, terrace. In the Bd. de Midi: *Suisse, Olympia* (50); *Cosmopolitain* (40); *Diana* (Meublé).

BATHING.—At Larvotto. Car from the Place du Casino.

MORNING WALKS. — The Rock. The Jardin Suspendu.

APERITIF.—*Café de Paris. Royalty, Park Palace. Restaurant St. James* (see below).

RESTAURANTS. — First Division: *Ciro's, Ambassadeurs*, both in the Galerie Charles III. *Riviera Palace* (car from the Square).

Second Division : *Café de Paris* (35-40 ; à la carte, First Division prices). *Boulengrins*, Monte Carlo Palace (25-25). *Quinto's*, Av. St. Michel (keep right). *Brasserie Royale*, Bd. Princesse-Antoinette. *Pam's*, Av. de la Costa (35). *St. James*, Quai de la Plaisance (anguilles Laurette and Bouchées de Volaille). *Ré*, by the Alexandra (oysters).

Third Division : *Le Napolitain*, Bd. Princesse-Antoinette. In the Avenue de la Costa : *Bœuf à la Mode* (15) and *Charlot's* (10). In Beausoleil : *Petit Riviera*, Bd. de la République, *Amphitrion*, Bd. de Midi, (12). For an English-style luncheon : *English Tea Lounge*, 37 Bd. des Moulins (15) ; Bass and Guinness.

In the Condamine the hotels in the Avenue de la Gare (see above) cater for outsiders, also the *Romain* ; (10-12).

On the Rock : *Culoz*, by the Cathedral.

TEA ROOMS.—*English Tea Lounge* (see above). *Scotch Tea House*, a few doors further on ; scones. *Pasquier*, Av. St. Michel (French pastry, meringues, marron glacés and jellied fruits), also in the Hermitage building. *Cecil's*, Grand Hotel building. *Scapini*, 21 Bd. des Moulins (nougat) ; concert.

DANCE TEAS AND DINNERS.—For the exhibitions : *Café de Paris*, *Ambassadeurs*. To dance : *Grand, Riviera Palace*.

COCKTAILS.—*Royalty*, *Pam's*.

CABARETS.—*Carlton*, Av. des Fleurs. *Maxim's*, rue de la République, Beausoleil.

DANCINGS.—*Knickerbocker*, under Ciro's. *Black Cat*, up the steps by the Société Général. *Maurice's Bar*, Bd. Princesse Antoinette.

TENNIS.—*La Festa Club*. 3 courts at La Festa and 6 on the Condamine. Half-day, frs. 10 ; day, frs. 20 ; week, frs. 100 ; month, frs. 250 ; season, frs. 600. Secretary, W. G. Henley. *The Country Club*, St. Romain, to be open next season, is to have 20 courts (see below).

GOLF.—At Mont Agel. (See Chapter II.) Auto-car from the Place du Casino at 9 and 9.30 (frs. 8) ; or by the funicular to La Turbie (9.15, 10.10, 11.45), car meets trains. 18 holes. 4,903 yards. Day, frs. 40 ; month, frs. 400 ; season, frs. 750 (may be reduced). Restaurant.

THE COUNTRY CLUB, to be opened December, 1927, is the last word in luxury. Beside the 20 tennis courts, there are 2 for squash, covered and open swimming baths (with running water, that in the former warmed in winter). First-class restaurant. Dancing. Apply to Mr. Henley at *La Festa*.

CASINO.—Admission to the Atrium and Reading Room free (a ticket is nominally necessary). Admission to the Salles de Jeu : day, frs. 10 ; months, frs. 100 ; season, frs. 250. Cercle Privé : day, frs. 40 ; month, frs. 200 ; season, frs. 500. (The "Salles de Jeu" above are the outer gaming rooms, vulgarly called the Kitchen ; the "Cercle Privé" means the inner rooms).

SPORTING CLUB.—Usually frs. 100 extra to a " Cercle Privé " ticket.

There is also a Casino in Beausoleil. Rates low.

CASINO THEATRE.—Mid-November to end January : Comedy (occasionally English plays), Light Opera, Ballet, special new films (20-40). End January to early April : Grand Opera (40). December and April : Serge Diaghileff's Russian Ballet (20-40). November to April : Wednesdays, 3 p.m. : Classical Concerts (10). Occasional special concerts.

BEAUX ARTS.—The large hall is a cinema, very lofty, clean and comfortable (5-10). In the small hall, Chamber Music on Mondays and Fridays, 3 p.m., free to holders of " Cercle-Privé " tickets. Tuesdays and Saturdays, 3 p.m., Instrumental and Vocal Concerts (10).

BEAUSOLEIL CASINO.—Light opera, comedy, revue, varieties.

Special Entertainments.

November 11th : Illuminations.

January : Motor Car Meet (" Rally ") and Hill Climbing Competition.

March : Battle of Flowers. Dog Show. Motor Show and Hill Climbing Competition.

January-February : Pigeon Shooting (if it is an entertainment). Entrance from the Terrace (10).

National Fête (Monégasque), January 16th-17th. (See Chapter VIII.)

Tennis Tournaments.

Third week in December.

Early January (Club Championships).

February (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup).

Second week in April.

SHORT EXCURSIONS.—La Turbie, by the mule-path from the end of the rue Bel Respiro. Eze, by the Moyenne Corniche, return by Eze-sur-Mer and tram or auto-mail. Roquebrune by the Bd. de la République (Beausoleil) and Varavilla (keep left); return by Cap Martin and tram, or auto-mail from behind the Riva Bella. Vistaero, by the funicular to La Turbie and walk; return by Cap Martin and as above.

AUTO-CAR EXCURSIONS.—See under Nice and Menton.

WEEKLY PAPER.—*Menton and Monte Carlo News*. Saturdays; frs. 3.

BUREAU DE RENSEIGNEMENTS.—Gardens (opposite Commissariat de Police).

BRITISH BANKS.—Barclay's, facing the top of the Gardens (and the Casino). Lloyd's National Provincial, 11 Bd. des Moulins.

BUREAU DE POSTE.—Opposite the Sporting Club. Complaints have been made in the press as to the incivility and disobligingness of the officials. There is a Post Office in the Atrium of the Casino.

NOTE.—*French* stamps are not valid on letters posted in the principality (nor Monégasque stamps in French territory). Anywhere up the hill-side it is wise to scrutinise the letter-box; if it has "R.F." on it,

French stamps are necessary. The only exception is as to the letter-boxes at the stations (Monte Carlo and Monaco), in which letters bearing either French or Monégasque stamps may be posted.

BRITISH VICE-CONSUL.—Mr. G. W. Hogg, 24 Av. de la Costa ("Pam's" building). 10-12, and 2-3 except Saturdays.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.—British Library, 30 Bd. des Moulins. Month, frs. 20 ; two months, frs. 35, etc. English Library, Bd. Princesse Antoinette. Anglo-American Library, in the Grand Hotel building.

COOK'S.—Crédit Lyonnais, Av. des Beaux Arts.

ENGLISH CHURCH.—Av. des Fleurs. 10.

AUTO-CARS AND AUTO-MAILS.—At the Auto-Riviera Kiosque at the bottom of the upper Gardens (Place du Casino). Brighton Agency, and Melchior, under the Galerie Charles III.

ENGLISH CHEMIST.—H. L. Hastings, 27 Bd. des Moulins. Faraut, Bd. Princesse Antoinette.

ENGLISH DOCTOR.—Dr. Gibson, Winter Palace.

DANCING LESSONS.—Ludo Mass, Park Palace.

HAIRDRESSERS.—Edouard, on the harbour-front (Hôtel Bristol building). Joseph, Park Palace.

SPECIAL SHOPS.—Lucien Lelong, alongside the Savoy Hotel (west side of the Gardens). Premet, and Jean Patou, in the Galerie Charles III. Maison Lewis, in the Café de Paris building. Fanchette, 50 Bd. des Moulins (underclothing).

ROQUEBRUNE-CAP MARTIN—MENTON 187

LUXE-TABAC.—Café de Paris building. In the Bd. Princesse Antoinette, opposite the Rocher de Cancale. In the Condamine, near the top of the Rue Grimaldi.

TURKISH BATH.—On the Terrace. One of the finest in Europe.

ROQUEBRUNE-CAP MARTIN.

20–25 minutes from Monte Carlo or Menton by tram. From the station (inconveniently situated) 7 minutes to either.

(See Chapter II.)

Hotels and Boarding Houses.

By the tram route: *Riva Bella* (large). *Ideal-Séjour* (40–50).

On the hillside: *Mirasole*, *Plaza*, *Roche Fleurie* (40–50).

On the point of the Cape: *Grand Hôtel du Cap Martin* (large).

Restaurant in the Old Town: *Hostellerie*, on the left just after passing through the Place de l'Ecole.

TEA ROOMS.—*Four and Twenty Blackbirds*, on the tram route.

MENTON.

26 hours from London. 20 minutes from Monte Carlo by train or Auto-Mail (francs 7). 45 minutes by tram.

Hotels.

WEST BAY.

On the front: *Regina* (70). *Bristol* (55). *Carlton*, *Flora* (50). *Stella Bella*, *Prince de Galles* (45). *Rive d'Azur* (40).

On the main road : *Imperial*, which stands back, absolutely first-class in all respects (90). *Astoria* (50). *Excelsior* (45). *Gay, De France* (35).

Elsewhere in the town : *Orient* (90). *Venise* (85). *Méditerranée, Louvre* (70). *Majestic* (60). *Parc* (55). *Europe, Ambassadeurs* (45). *Turin* (40).

Outskirts : *Mont Fleuri* (80). *Winter Palace*, superbly situated (70). *Iles Britanniques* (60). *National* (50). *Edward's* (35). *Albion* (30).

The *Hotel-Pension de l'Annonciate* (60) has a hill-top to itself—a gorgeous situation—with a funicular.

EAST BAY (GARAVAN).

On the front : *Anglais, Britannia* (60). *Grand* (50). *Splendid* (40).

On the hillside : Particularly to be recommended are the *Belle Vue, Italie* and *Grande Bretagne*, all under the personal management of the proprietor, Mr. Churchman. *New York* (30).

In different parts of the town and outskirts there are about 30 Pensions, the rates varying from 25 to 40 francs.

BATHING.—At La Pergola, East Bay (opposite the Hôtel des Anglais). *Ideal's Bains*, at the Cap Martin end of the front.

APERITIF.—On the front : *Rumpelmayer's*, at the corner of the gardens : *King's Bar*, a little nearer the harbour.

RESTAURANTS.—First Division : *Amirauté*, East Bay.

Second Division : *La Pergola*, East Bay. *Rochers Rouges*, a few minutes' walk from the tram terminus at Garavan (actually in Italy ; passport necessary).

Third Division : *Hôtel de France* (frs. 15) ; *Gay* (frs. 16) ; both in the Av. Félix Faure.

TEA ROOMS.—*Victoria* (behind the Hôtel Majestic). *Ronzi*, west side of the Public Gardens. *Engadine* (" Confiserie Anglaise "), 3 Av. Félix Faure (very good tea and méringues). There are concerts at *Rumpel-mayer's*, and *Clarence* (Public Gardens, next to Barclay's Bank).

DANCE - TEAS. — *Casino*, *Amirauté*, *La Pergola*, *Imperial*.

COCKTAILS.—*William's*, at the corner of the Public Gardens. *King's Bar*.

DANCE-DINNERS.—*The Imperial*.

CABARET.—*Colin Maillard*.

DANCINGS.—*Clarence*, *Café Glacier* (Public Gardens).

TENNIS.—*Menton L.T.C.*, Avenue Carnot. Open to all visitors. 10 courts. 3 croquet.

GOLF.—At Sospel (see Chapter II.), in connection with the *Golf Hotel*. 18 holes. 5,727 yards. Bogey 78. Day, frs. 20 ; week, frs. 100 ; month, frs. 300 ; season, frs. 400.

CASINO.—Public Gardens. Mid-December–April, and July–September. Rates low. Theatrical performances three or four evenings a week and occasional matinées.

Special Entertainments.

Tennis Tournaments. First weeks in January and March.

Carnival Processions.

Battles of Flowers.

Yacht Racing. Second week in March.

Fête de Nuit in the East Bay, about the same time.

Illuminations and Fireworks.

Motor Show in March.

Fête de St. Agnès. February.

SHORT EXCURSIONS.—A few of the best, either by carriage or afoot, are—By carriage or mule-path: Gorbio, Castellar. Mule-path: St. Agnes (lunch at the *Righi*). The ridge of the Annonciate (picnic). Afternoon: to the Tea Pavilion on the point of Cap Martin for the sunset (along the front, or by tram to La Plage). By carriage (frs. 40-50) or motor-bus from the Place Georges-Clémenceau at 1.30) to the Hanbury Gardens at La Mortola (garden-lovers should not miss this); Mondays and Fridays; passport necessary.

Walkers should get the pamphlet "Guide-Touristique Annexe" from the *Syndicat d'Initiative*, which contains full particulars and an admirable map of the numerous walks. It is best to keep clear of the frontier on the mountains eastward, as mistakes have been made.

AUTO-CAR EXCURSIONS.—Along the Italian coast to Bordighera, St. Remo, Alassio. Also as under Nice.

WEEKLY PAPER.—See under Monte Carlo.

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE.—Kiosque at the corner of the gardens on the front.

BRITISH BANKS.—Barclay's, corner of the gardens and the Av. Félix Faure. Lloyd's National Provincial, 4, rue de la République.

HOTEL DES POSTES.—Rue Partouneaux.

COOK'S.—Place St. Roch.

AUTO-CARS AND AUTO-MAILS.—Auto-Riviera, Av. de Verdun (west side of the Public Gardens).

ENGLISH CHEMIST.—British Pharmacy, 29 Av. Félix Faure.

BRITISH VICE-CONSUL.—Mr. Churchman, Villa Les Grottes.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.—Lounge Library, No. 9, and English Library, No. 5, rue Henry-Bennett. British Library, 6 rue Prato.

ENGLISH DOCTORS.—W. Campbell, Casa Rossa, Garavan. D. W. Samways, Villa Flavie, Av. Boyer.

ENGLISH CHURCH.—St. John's, corner of the Public Gardens ; 10.30.

SCOTCH CHURCH.—Rue de la République ; 10.30.

TABACS DE LUXE.—34 Av. Félix Faure, and the *Regence Bar*, at the end of the rue Partouneaux near the Place St. Roch.

INLAND.

GRASSE.

1 hour from Cannes on a branch line (P.L.M.).
(See Chapter II.)

Hotels and Boarding Houses.

Route de Magagnosc : *Riva Bella, Les Chauves* (45).
Maraquita, Les Moulins, Les Roches Grises (30). *Elise* (25).

Bd. Croët (near Station) : *Beausoleil* (35). *St. Anne* (30).

Quartier de la Courade : *Val d'Azur* (30). *Beaulieu, Gillette* (25).

Route de St. Vallier : *Marie Louise, Les Palmiers* (30).

RESTAURANT.—Rotisserie de la Reine Pédauque.

WALKS.—Château d'Eau. Canal de Foulon. La Marbrière. Notre Dame de Valcluse.

ENGLISH CHURCH.—Avenue Victoria.

AUTO-CAR EXCURSIONS.—See Cannes and Nice.

CASINO.—December–April. Rates low. Theatrical entertainments, etc.

MUNICIPAL THEATRE.—Chiefly comedy.

Special Entertainments.

Carnival Procession.

Two Battles of Flowers.

Local Fête.

SOSPEL.

1½ hours from Menton by tram.

(See Chapter II.)

For golfers (nothing else to do but walk) ; see under Menton.

Hotels.

Golf (recommended), *De France, Carengo*.

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